

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 373.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1863.

[ONE PENNY.]

LORD MAYOR'S DAY ON THE NINTH.

ILLUSTRATIONS connected with civic affairs will be seen on pages 741, 745.

From noon till four o'clock business on the line between London Bridge and Charing-cross was to all intents and purposes suspended and after the latter hour there was very little done. Owing probably to the practical abolition of the show last year the crowds in the streets were on Monday even larger than usual. The roughs were in great force, and the children were more numerous than they are on ordinary show-days. Practical joking and horse-play ruled the hours, and "chaff" flew in every direction; while showers of handbills fell from the roofs of many houses upon the heaving and surging throng beneath. It is difficult to say where the crush was the greatest, but from St. Paul's to Temple-bar it was virtually impossible that the crowd should have been denser. A little rain which set in about two o'clock had not the effect of damping the curiosity of the spectators, though it evidently disturbed the equanimity of the banner-bearers. The "knights in armour," of whom there were only four or five, were dressed, not in full panoply of steel, but in the armour of the Cromwellian period, so that they had little to fear from the slight drizzle. In all else the show was as the shows of other days; and banners and bands, trumpeters and escorts, officials on foot and aldermen in carriages, delighted the eyes of the groundlings, and

the difficulty was overcome, and in due course the procession reached Palace-yard. Here the Lord Mayor alighted, and, accompanied by several members of the Courts of Alderman and Common Council, entered the Court of Exchequer a few minutes after three o'clock. He was received by the Lord Chief Baron, with Barons Channell, Pigott, and Cleasby, who wore their scarlet robes.

The Common Serjeant, in the absence of the Recorder, introduced the Lord Mayor to the judges, and in doing so said their lordships would not be surprised to learn that in the choice which the citizens of London had made they had not selected an untried or an unknown man to discharge the duties of Lord Mayor, but one who had hereditary claims to their confidence and esteem. The Lord Mayor had had the singularly good fortune to fill the office formerly occupied by his esteemed father. The late Alderman Lawrence was a gentleman of sound judgment and great independence and integrity, and was only prevented from occupying the honourable position which his son now occupied by his lamented death. It was a circumstance, he thought, without precedent in London, that they should have the privilege of seeing the memory of an accomplished citizen and upright magistrate perpetuated amongst them by the services of two of his children. The claims of the Lord Mayor to the position which he now filled were not exclusively or mainly upon ancestral ground. In 1855, when he was quite a young man, from the great interest he took

in public matters, he was elected to the chair of one of the livery companies of London. In 1860 a vacancy occurred in the Walbrook Ward, and he was selected, and in 1862 he discharged the arduous and responsible duties of Sheriff of London and Middlesex. In 1865 he was elected member of Parliament for Lambeth, a position for which he was at the present time a candidate. He had always taken the liveliest interest in a subject of the greatest importance, that of national education, and had inspected a great number of schools in England, Scotland, and Ireland, for the purpose of gaining information upon the subject, and their lordships would not be surprised to hear that he was a member of the Corporation of Middle-class Schools in the Metropolis, and would believe that the citizens of London had made a judicious selection. He would turn to the gentleman who was that day putting on honours to the gentleman who was putting them off, and he would introduce to their lordships Mr. Alderman Allen, who had during the last year presided over the administration of justice in the City. During that year many questions of great importance connected with the mercantile interests had come before him for consideration. He had had also the honour of offering the hospitality of the Mansion House to Lord Napier and to Field Marshal Sir John Burgoyne on the occasion of their receiving the freedom of the City. One subject ought to be mentioned to their lordships as signalling the last

mayorality, and that was that a few months ago a memorial window, subscribed for by the working classes of Lancashire in recognition of the benevolence of the citizens of London, had been placed in the Guildhall. It only remained for him to ask in the names of the citizens and Corporation of London for the free exercise of those privileges which had been transmitted to them from remote posterity, and which they hoped would still be transmitted.

The Lord Chief Baron said—My Lord Mayor, I must begin by craving your lordship's indulgence if from any infirmity of voice I am unable to address you at any length. It is with pleasure I congratulate your lordship upon having being raised by the unanimous voice of the great body of your fellow-citizens to the high office of Lord Mayor, especially as I am told by my learned friend the Common Serjeant that your father before you was raised by his fellow-citizens to an office of dignity, and that his son, your brother, was raised to the yet higher position which you now occupy. When parliament, for which you are now a candidate, is opened, augmented in number and altered as it will be in constitution, the great corporation, of which you are now the chief, must be put upon its trial. A great question will arise whether this metropolis, with its three millions of inhabitants, shall be placed under the management of one great governing body, with perhaps—but I am by no means certain—the chief magistrate of the City of London at its head. My lord, when that time may arrive, many and great changes will, no doubt, be inevitable, but I doubt not that your lordship and the other members of the corporation to which you belong will be found prepared to meet and encounter the ordeal which you must undergo. But you, my lord, and all those with whom you are associated, will struggle for the accomplishment of reforms which you in your judgment believe to be the advantage of your fellow-citizens and fellow-countrymen. Whatever be your destiny let me express



THE LORD MAYOR, THE RIGHT HON. JAMES CLARKE LAWRENCE.

of the fair and the young established on the vantage-ground of upper-floor windows. By half-past twelve the procession was already partly formed in the streets near Guildhall; but to marshal it properly was a work of such labour that the time appointed for starting passed before it began to move. It was expected that the show would be unusually good, as if to make up for the somewhat commonplace procession of last year, and, in truth, nothing appeared to be wanting on the part of the corporation to make it quite equal to any Lord Mayor's show that these times have seen. The old six-ton state coach had been newly gilt from axle-trees to roof, and in its "glory of gold" seemed more than ever a structure of gingerbread and Dutch metal. The carriage of the ex-Lord Mayor was much more elegant; but the suppression of the old coach last November had evidently made Alderman Allen unpopular with the discriminating mob, and he was greeted from time to time with salutations which were more noisy than agreeable. The new Lord Mayor, on the contrary, was loudly cheered for restoring to the populace the sight that they love; and the men in armour, the 17th Lancers, who formed the escort, the Lord Mayor's footmen, and the nine military bands, shared with his lordship the applause of the multitude. As the procession passed down King-street and the Poultry to King William-street the roughs fell in behind and formed the usual rear guard; but by the time it had gone through Cannon-street and reached St. Paul's Church-yard there were quite as many of the "lamb" surging and fighting at the end as there were persons in the procession, which took eight minutes to pass a given point. On the incline of Fleet-street the six strong horses had quite enough to do to keep the huge coach moving up-hill, and at one time when a slight block occurred in front, it really seemed that his lordship would have to abandon the old structure and borrow a seat to Westminster in somebody else's carriage. But after a little

The following arrangements have been made by the Royal Horticultural Society for their exhibitions and meetings next year, viz.:—March 13, show of hyacinths and spring flowers; at this meeting prizes to the amount of nearly £50, offered by the principal bulb-growers in Holland, will be competed for. Mr. William Paul, of Waltham Cross, will continue his exhibition of spring-flowering plants. April 17, show of roses and spring flowers. May 8, show of early azaleas and spring flowers. May 22, special prize show, and show of pelargoniums, at which subscription prizes by the growers of these plants will be competed for. June 2 and 3, grand summer flower show. June 29, great rose show, with which the National Rose Show is incorporated. A grand summer exhibition of flowering plants and fruits will be held at Manchester in July, at the same time as and adjoining the Royal Agricultural Society's Show. The fruit and floral and general meetings for election of Fellows, &c., will take place as follows, viz.:—January 19, February 16, November 16, and December 21; and on the first and third Tuesday in each month from March to October inclusive.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

SIR JOHN YOUNG leaves town next week, accompanied by Lady Young, to assume his duties as Governor General of Canada, in succession to Lord Monck.

SNOW fell in London on Sunday morning. In Birmingham also, and in other parts of the country, snow is reported to have fallen.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—The new American Minister, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, will visit this town on the 7th of December, and be entertained at a public banquet.

FATAL BOILER EXPLOSION.—A small boiler at Norris's Saw Mills, Waterloo-road, exploded, creating great consternation in the neighbourhood, and causing such serious injury to the workmen, that one of them has since died, and eight others remain in the hospital, two of whom are not expected to recover.

THE CASE OF MADAME RACHEL.—The solicitor who defended Madame Rachel at the recent trial has taken steps to obtain a writ of error, to test the right of Mr. Commissioner Kerr, who tried the case, to sit as a judge at the Central Criminal Court. If this objection should be sustained, the immediate release of the prisoner will be effected.

PROHIBITION OF CHILDREN'S HOOPS.—Sir Richard Mayne has issued an order to the police, instructing them to take possession of all hoops bowled by children in the public streets. Some thousands of boys and girls' hoops are now to be found at the different police stations in the metropolis.

THE London and North Western Railway Company have, with one exception, paid the whole of the compensation claims which arose out of the Abergele catastrophe. The amount has been much smaller than previous experience had led the company to anticipate.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT PERU AND ECUADOR.—The contribution to the fund progresses. The committee issued an appeal to the clergy of the Church of England, as also the ministers of the leading denominations of dissenters, requesting their aid, and the committee has already received many encouraging promises in reply to their appeal. Considering the fearful amount of distress, a large fund should be at the disposal of the treasurer.

"FATHER IGNATIUS" has reappeared in his Lombard-street pulpit preaching to a densely crowded congregation. In touching on the question of images and symbols, he denied that idolatry, in the sense in which that word is generally used, can exist in English minds. He should like, he said, to go into St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and shatter to pieces those idols raised to earthly glory and the lust of conquest.

An accident, happily unattended with very serious consequences, occurred on the Charing-cross Railway. A train of empty carriages from Charing-cross, whilst proceeding at a sharp pace over the bridge in Southwark, left the rails, or, as some accounts say, came into collision with an engine, and ran partly into the six-foot. The line was not cleared for some time. The head guard was slightly wounded in the forehead, and two or three other persons were cut and bruised.

THE ST. ALBAN'S RITUAL CASE.—Notice was given on Monday that the Lord Chancellor had appointed the 16th of November to hear the case "Martin v. Mackonochie," before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, on appeal from the judgment of the Archdeacon Court. The charges to be heard on this appeal are kneeling or prostrating before the holy elements, and having lighted candles on the communion table during the celebration of the Holy Communion.

A VERY shocking accident occurred on the South Eastern Railway, near New-cross Station, by which two plate-players in the service of the company lost their lives. The men had stepped off the rails on which they were at work to let an up-train pass, when an engine, the approach of which they had not noticed, came down upon them, and literally cut them to pieces. The engine which killed the poor fellows is technically called a test-engine, and is sent down from the London terminus every morning to ascertain that the line is clear.

FALMOUTH.—Fever is raging to a very serious extent in Falmouth. There is great complaint of the sanitary condition of the town, and a large number of the principal inhabitants, finding that neither the borough nor the parish local board would attempt to carry out an efficient system of drainage, have memorialised the Home Secretary on the subject. Both boards have the powers of the Local Government Act, and though the parish board has been in existence five years, and the borough board about two years, the sanitary condition of the town is, it is contended, if anything, worse than ever.

LEEDS.—On Saturday the Fine Art Exhibition in this town, which was opened with great ceremony on the 19th of May last by the Prince of Wales, was closed. The executive committee, accompanied by the mayor, the Earl of Dudley, Lord Houghton, Mr. Baines, M.P., Sir A. Fairbairn, and other gentlemen, were present at the proceedings. It was stated that during the time the building had been open the number of visitors had been 600,000. Votes of thanks were passed to Earl Dudley and Lord Houghton, both of whom have greatly assisted the committee in bringing the undertaking to a successful issue.

THE Liverpool Christmas Cattle, Dog, and Poultry Show, to be held on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of December, promises to be the most successful exhibition of the kind ever held in the town; the show will, in fact, rank with the great exhibitions at Smithfield and Birmingham. The most celebrated breeders of stock in the three countries have entered into the various classes, and the committee of management have, by unwearied exertions, brought the arrangements to a most commendable state of perfection. The committee offer a most liberal list of prizes, and it is very creditable to them that they should be in a position to give £1,900 in money in addition to about 21 silver cups, alone for poultry.

CHESTER.—Dr. Jacobson, Bishop of Chester, has just commenced the primary visitation of his diocese. His charge contained the following passages relating to the Ritualists:—"In several English dioceses, if not in all, practices had been adopted and defended which were ostentatious and un-English, and also irreconcilable in his judgment with the obligations under which the clergy voluntarily and deliberately, and under circumstances the most solemn and impressive, brought themselves—namely, to give faithful and diligent attention so to minister the doctrine, sacraments, and discipline of the Church 'as the Lord hath commanded, and as this Church and realm hath received the same.'"

TOO TRUE.—A correspondent of a literary contemporary says: "The note of 'L. L. D.' in last week's *Athenaeum* re-opens an old wound in my memory. I purchased some valuable files of early newspapers. I directed the binder to preserve their character in binding them. The edges were rough and uneven like bank-note paper. 'Don't cut the edges,' I said, 'let the binding wrap over rather than cut the paper.' When my volumes came home the edges were not only cut, but the margin was shaved away down to the very head lines. Binders are much too fond of the guillotine; there is one in the trade whom I could almost find in my heart to put under his own knife."

KIDDERMINSTER.—On Sunday morning, at two o'clock, as a policeman was on his beat near Clensmore House, the residence of Mr. C. E. Jeffries, the Mayor of Kidderminster, he went round the premises to see that all was right, and on approaching the door-step observed a flask containing about half a pint of the finest gunpowder, with a quantity of loose powder close to it, and several lucifer matches on the powder. He at once removed them, and gave information to the mayor and superintendent. It is supposed

that the person who placed them there was aware that the mayor spends an hour or two out on Saturday evenings, and expected that he would tread on the matches, which would ignite the powder, and thus do him some serious injury. A reward has been offered for the detection of the criminal.

PROSECUTION OF THE REV. MR. BENNETT.—The Bishop of London has been compelled by mandamus to institute proceedings against the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, of Frome, for publishing in his diocese doctrines concerning the Real Presence. The alleged false doctrines are contained in an essay entitled "A Plea for Toleration," in the well-known series called "The Church and the World." The promoter is nominally Mr. Shepherd, of Frome, but the real prosecutors are the managers of the Church Association, while Mr. Bennett is defended by the Church Union. The proceedings commenced on Thursday at the residence of the Bishop of London, in St. James's Square, before Sir Travers Twiss, Chancellor of the diocese, Archdeacon Hale, Archdeacon Sinclair, the Rev. J. E. Kempe, and the Rev. F. G. Blomfield, rector of St. Andrew Undershaft. The court was an open one.

A FOURTH death has resulted from the railway accident on the South Wales line, and the lives of several persons who were injured are yet in danger. Captain Tyler, one of the Government inspectors, held an inquiry into the causes of the collision on Saturday afternoon, and nothing appears to have transpired to implicate either the company or the servants in any negligence.

THE Smithfield Club Cattle Show is to commence at the Agricultural-hall, Islington, on Monday, December 7th, and will continue open during the four following days. The Earl of Hardwicke is the president for the year, and amongst the prominent members of the club are the Dukes of Marlborough and Richmond, Earls Leicester, Powis, and Spencer, Viscount Bridport, and Lords Berners, Tredegar, and Walsingham. The aggregate amount of the prizes is £2,300.

A RATHER serious collision occurred on the Midland Railway near Leicester. An express train from Leicester to London, which does not stop between Leicester and Bedford, was approaching Wigston Junction and ran into a goods train which was being shunted. The siding into which the goods train was to have been shunted was found too short, and the driver was endeavouring to get his train on to the Rugby line of rails when the express came up. Several people were a good deal shaken, but it is stated that the only person who was seriously hurt was a man who put his head out of the window on hearing the engine whistle as the danger-signal was observed by the driver. As the spot where the accident happened was only three miles from Leicester, it seems strange that the authorities there should have allowed a goods train to go on immediately in front of a train running at the rate of forty miles an hour.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Athenaeum* says:—"I am much pleased to inform you that 'the line of trees which has so long lent a charm to the old-fashioned, Dutch-looking, Cheyne Walk,' will not be destroyed by the formation of the Embankment at Chelsea. The 9th section of the Act which empowers the Metropolitan Board of Works to form the Embankment expressly enacts, 'No trees now standing opposite Cheyne Walk shall be taken, except those which are absolutely required for the formation of the Embankment and works by this Act authorized, without the consent of the Lord Cadogan.' But I fear that the formation of the sewer will have some detrimental effect on the preservation of the trees, by depriving their roots of the necessary moisture. The Board are now taking the necessary steps to have the footways along the Northern Embankment from Westminster to Blackfriars, planted with trees similar to the Boulevards in Paris."

WHEN the viaduct across Ludgate-hill was first proposed, the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway received some favourable consideration on account of a certain promised public accommodation which attended the matter. This was looked for with considerable interest as an experiment which might show the usefulness of, as well as the objections to, the often proposed foot-bridges over our dangerous carriage-ways. The viaduct has been in use for a considerable period; why is not its accompanying foot-bridge thrown open to public use? A vast sum of money was expended on the purchase of a strip of ground at the south-west corner of St. Paul's Churchyard and corner of Ludgate-street. This is but some six feet or thereabout in width; yet, if put to the use for which it was bought, it would be serviceable to the pedestrian. Why is not the hoarding removed from this corner, and the place made part of the thoroughfare?

CHELTEMHAM.—A labouring man, called Richard Purser, died in this town on the 12th ult., who is said to have been the oldest man in England, the age inscribed on his coffin-plate being 112 years. He was a native of Redmarley d'Abitot, Worcestershire, and although the register contains no entry of his baptism, two facts in corroboration are well authenticated—first, that he was cowman on the farm at Robinswood Hill, near Gloucester, when the Rev. James Comeline (born 1762) was curate of the adjoining parish of Hempstead, and second, that he was working in the dockyard at Sheerness when the Royal George was sunk (1782). He also remembered, when a child four years old, being taken by his mother to see an illumination in honour of the coronation of King George III., in 1760. For the last half century he has lived in Cheltenham, working at day labour, and during the last five years Her Majesty's bounty had been extended to him, in consideration of his extreme age and excellent character, by an allowance of £5 per annum.

HEXHAM.—At the Hexham Petty Sessions, Amelia Radcliffe, who lays claim to the Derwentwater estates, was summoned for "unlawfully encroaching on a certain carriage way, called the Dilston Road, and causing to be erected thereon a certain wooden building, within 15 feet from the centre of such road." She was also charged on a second information with obstructing the highway. The magistrates having heard evidence in support of the summons, inflicted a fine of 10s. and costs, whereupon the defendant's solicitor applied for a case for a higher court. Amid great popular excitement, the authorities at Dilston forcibly removed the huts erected for the "Countess" on the highway. In consequence of the threatening attitude of the large crowds which had gathered, the police established a protecting cordon round the castle. After dark another hut for the Countess was erected on the highway by her friends. A huge coffin arrived at Dilston from Blaydon, evidently with the intention of intimidating the authorities. It is said that an action of ejectment has been instituted at the suit of the Countess against Mr. Charles G. Grey, and against Mr. W. C. Thompson, of Dilston, farmer, as trespassers on the Dilston estates, and that a petition of right has been prepared, and sent to the Queen, to restore the estates to the Countess.

THE spirited proprietor of Tiptree remarks:—"I think that you will agree with me that I have clearly proved by this paper, and by my practical experience of 25 years at Tiptree, that by an increased investment of capital, both on the part of landlord and tenant, the produce of the United Kingdom might be much more than doubled,—that our undeveloped power is immense, and that its being called into action would greatly benefit the country at large. It would be irrational to expect that such a change can take place suddenly,—that both landowners and tenants would be content to diminish their holdings to the level of the required capital; but it is well to discuss such matters in public, and to prepare our minds for a great and profitable change and progress. Where there is a will a way may be found, and, I trust, will be found good for agriculture and for the country at large. In conclusion, I fully endorse the opinion expressed by that eminent Frenchman, M. Lavergne, in p. 227 of his "Rural Economy of England:—"An English farmer is capable of any effort when he feels confident that he is under a good landlord,

who does not tie him down too strictly, and who will help him at a pinch."

PLYMOUTH.—The Galatea, screw frigate, Captain His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, while moving from Barnpool into the Sound, took the ground, and received sufficient damage to delay her sailing. She got under weigh under steam just before low tide, with a steam tug lashed on her starboard side. A strong tide was still running out, and she proceeded down into the inner channel between Winter Shoal and the Hoe, and ran on the eastern end of the shoal. She was backed off in a few minutes, and her head hauled round into the channel between Winter Shoal and the Waite Buoy, and proceeded out and anchored in the Sound, where she was subsequently examined by a diver, who reported her having knocked away some five feet of her stem. She immediately discharged her powder, and returned into harbour, and has since been docked to have her defects made good. His Royal Highness the Duke was on board at the time of the accident, as were also the Port Admiral, Sir W. E. Martin, the Admiral Superintendent of the dockyard, the Hon. J. R. Drummond, the Queen's Harbour Master, and the Master-Attendant of Devonport, the latter being in charge of the ship. His Royal Highness left Plymouth by rail for London. On his return a court of inquiry was held to ascertain the circumstances of the accident, the result of which will be submitted to the Admiralty. The ship went out of dock, having completed her repairs.

TRADES UNIONS AND ARBITRATION.—A crowded meeting of delegates from most of the metropolitan trade societies was held at the Bell Inn, Old Bailey, on Saturday night, to consider what steps should be taken to forward the adoption of arbitration in trade disputes. Mr. Allen (Amalgamated Engineers) took the chair, and said it was necessary something should be done to impress upon members of Parliament the desirableness of promoting a system of arbitration applicable to trade disputes—a system that all trades unionists, as far as he knew, were in favour of. Mr. Dunning (bookbinder) said that after a great many years' experience of strikes and lock-outs, he was convinced they had failed in their object, and that conciliation and arbitration boards ought to be established as speedily as possible. He would go beyond Mr. Mundella in this matter, and make the decisions of those boards compulsory. He begged to move—"That this meeting of trades societies' representatives approves of the principle of arbitration, in the belief that it is the best method of settling disputes between employers and the employed, and recommends that trades committees, in their various localities, seek to bring about meetings of masters and men, with the view of establishing boards of conciliation and arbitration; and this meeting feels deeply indebted to Mr. Mundella for the successful efforts he has made to establish such boards." Mr. W. Hammett (City Ladies' Shoemakers' Society) seconded the resolution. Mr. Odger, secretary London Trades Council, said the trades of London had adopted the principles of arbitration some years ago, but the question now was, how best they could carry it into operation. Some weeks since, having had some business with the Lord Mayor elect (Mr. Alderman J. C. Lawrence), he mentioned the subject to the worthy alderman, who said that he should be happy, at the commencement of the new year, to attend a conference of masters and men for the mutual consideration of the subject. Mr. Mundella had also promised to attend the conference, which, no doubt, would be the most important held for many years in this country. Mr. Lloyd Jones thought the great thing that those boards would accomplish was to lead the masters to a consideration of the men's side of the question and the men to a consideration of that of the masters. He believed the establishment of these boards would be beneficial, not alone to the working classes, but to all classes generally. The resolution was carried unanimously, and the proceedings terminated.

HE SHALL NOT FAIL.

"He shall not fail nor be discouraged till He have set judgment in the earth; and the isles shall wait for His law."

Thy years pass on, the weary years,
And still our sad eyes see
Men hate the right, and love the wrong,
And scorn the liberty
With which the Christ, the Saviour King,
Has made his people free.

To-day, as in the days long past,
They join the clamorous cry,
And would again with cruel hands
The Saviour crucify;
But still our King, the Mighty One,
Is lifted up on high.

Not yet the universal song
Of love to Him is heard;
Not yet the sunny isles of earth
Have listened to His word;
Not yet are all the hearts of men
By holy impulse stirred.

And yet "He shall not fail." His name
Shall triumph everywhere;
Where'er His azure skies are spread,
Where'er His earth is fair,
The hearts of men shall yearn for Him
In loving trustful prayer.

For even now the sick and sad
Are looking up to Him—
To Him are lifted pleading words,
And eyes with sorrow dim,
And white lips swell, though falteringly,
The songs of seraphim.

The little children come to Him,
And youth with kindling eyes,
And manhood's head bows lowly down
Before the ever Wise,
And hoary age its tribute brings,
And hears His sweet replies.

Not yet, but soon the distant isles
Upon His law shall wait;
Not yet, but soon the throngs shall crowd
Around His temple gate;
Not yet, but soon His gentle reign
Shall make all people great.

Oh, come, Lord Jesus! quickly come!
O King! do not delay!
Thy children's cries come up to Thee,
Speed on Thy glorious day,
Send voices through our wilderness
To cry, "Prepare the way!"

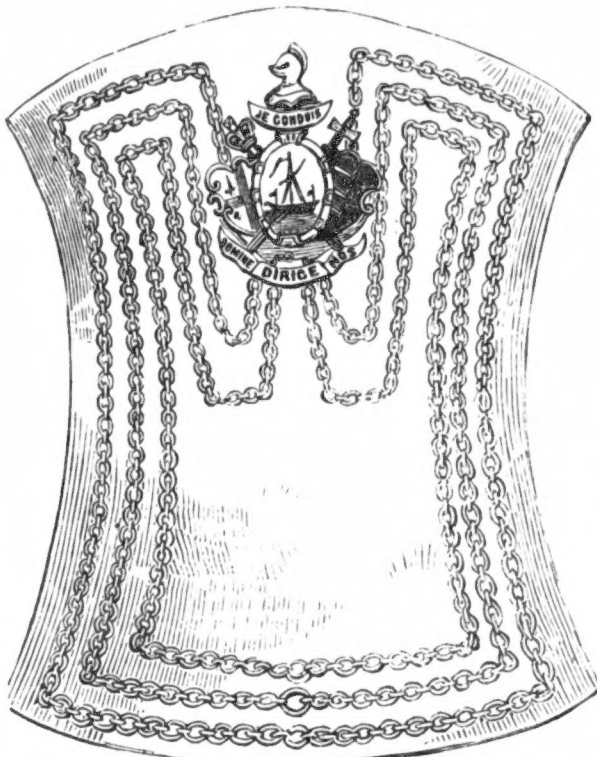
MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

NO MORE PILLS OR ANY OTHER MEDICINE.—Health by Du Barry's delicious Revalenta Arabica Food, which cures dyspepsia, indigestion, cough, asthma, consumption, debility, constipation, diarrhoea, palpitation, nervous, bilious, liver, and stomach complaints. Cure No. 68,413.—Rome, July 21, 1866. The health of the Holy Father is excellent, especially since, abandoning all other remedies, he has confined himself entirely to Du Barry's Food, and his holiness cannot praise this excellent food too highly."—*Gazette*, Du Barry and Co., No. 77, Regent-street, London, W. In tins, at 1s. 1½d.; 1lb., 2s. 9d.; 12lbs., 22s.; 24lbs., 40s. [ADVT.]

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.



THE CITY PURSE.



THE SHERIFF'S BADGE AND CHAIN.



THE CITY SEAL.

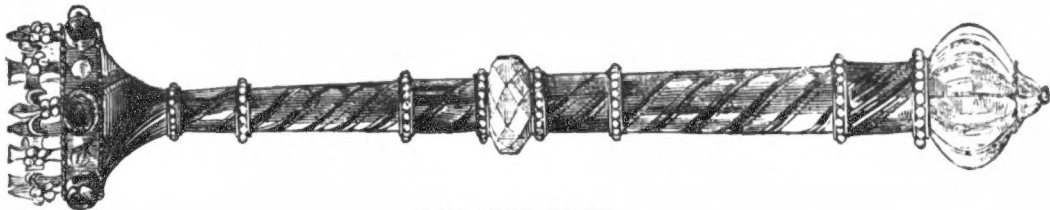
A PRESENT DANGER.

THE Electors of the United Kingdom are at present in great danger of being led into an entire misconception of the question of extravagant taxation. It is not, as would appear from many recent letters and speeches of statesmen of both parties, a mere question of three or five millions of undue expenditure by one administration or another administration, but it is a question of scores and hundreds of millions of the people's hard-earned money squandered by each and every administration down to the present moment. It is a question of the permanent absence of economy, and also of efficiency. Lord Derby truly remarked, in 1862—"It is impossible to continue in the present alarming and serious condition of our finances; and the only alternative is an unsparing, judicious and at the same time a perfectly safe reduction of the public expenditure." Since that speech all parties in Parliament have lavished the public money as heedlessly as before. And what are the effects? Let Mr. Bright reply (*vide* Speech, June 7, 1855):—

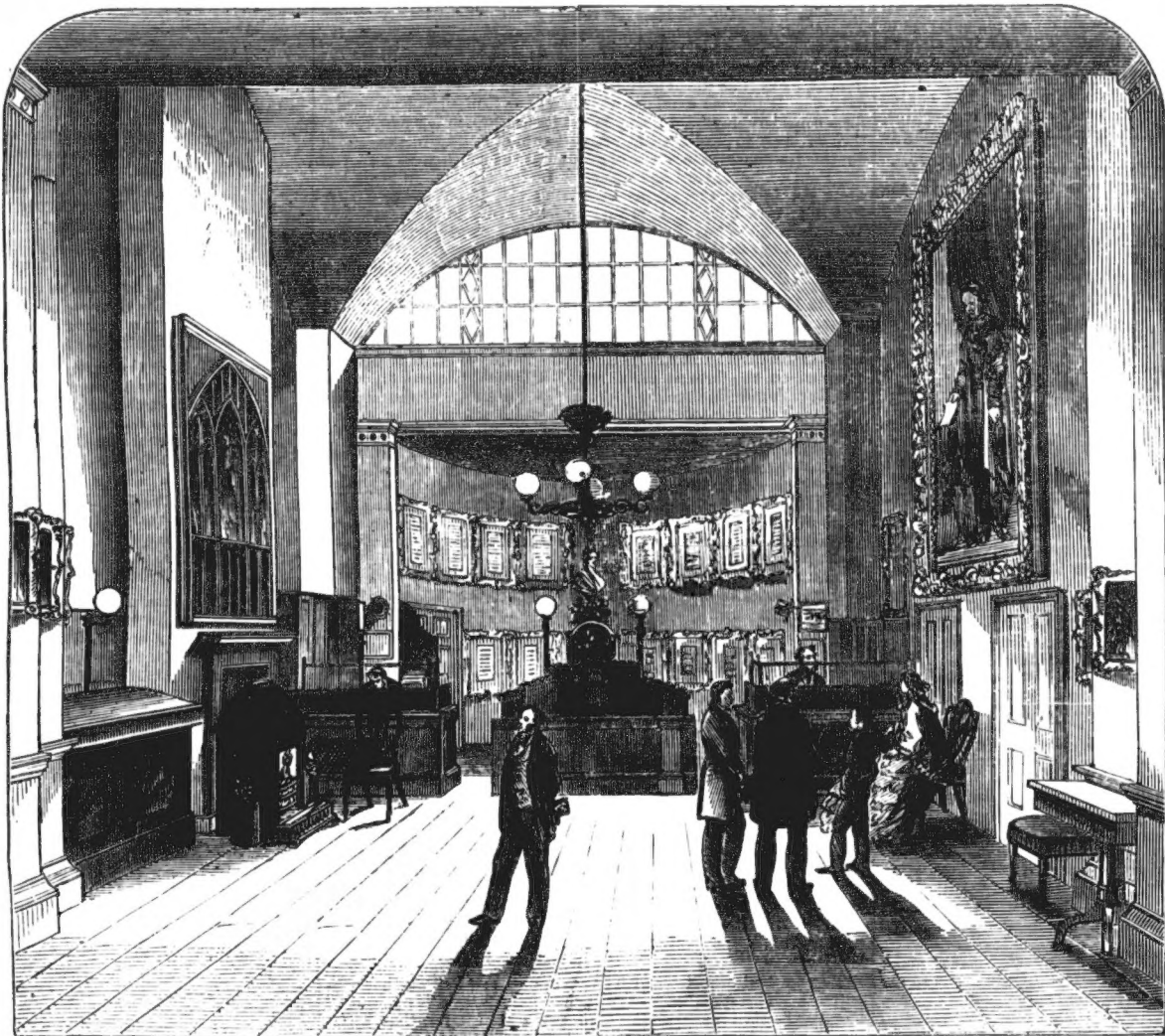
"These Ministers, and I am afraid, many other Members of this House, seem to have no patience with me if I speak of the cost of the war; but I am obliged to ask its attention to this point. I recollect reading, in the life of Necker, that an aristocratic lady came to him when he was Finance Minister of Louis XVI., and asked him to give her 1,000 crowns from the public treasury—not an unusual demand in those days. Necker refused to give the money. The lady stared with astonishment. She had an eye to the vast funds of the State, and she asked—'What can 1,000 crowns be to the King?' Necker's answer was—'Madam! 1,000 crowns are the taxes of a whole village!'"

"I ask Hon. Gentlemen what are the taxes of a whole village, and what they mean? They mean bareness of furniture, of clothing, and of the table, in many a cottage in Lancashire, in Suffolk, and in Dorsetshire. They mean an absence of medical attendance for a sick wife, an absence of the school-pence of three or four little children,—hopeless toil to the father of a family, penury through his life, a cheerless old age, and, if I may quote the language of a poet of a humble life, at last—'The little bell tolled hastily for the pauper's funeral.' That is what taxes mean."

The electors must secure this question of a rectified and greatly



THE CITY MACE.



THE CITY CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE.

TRIALS OF MEN OF GENIUS.

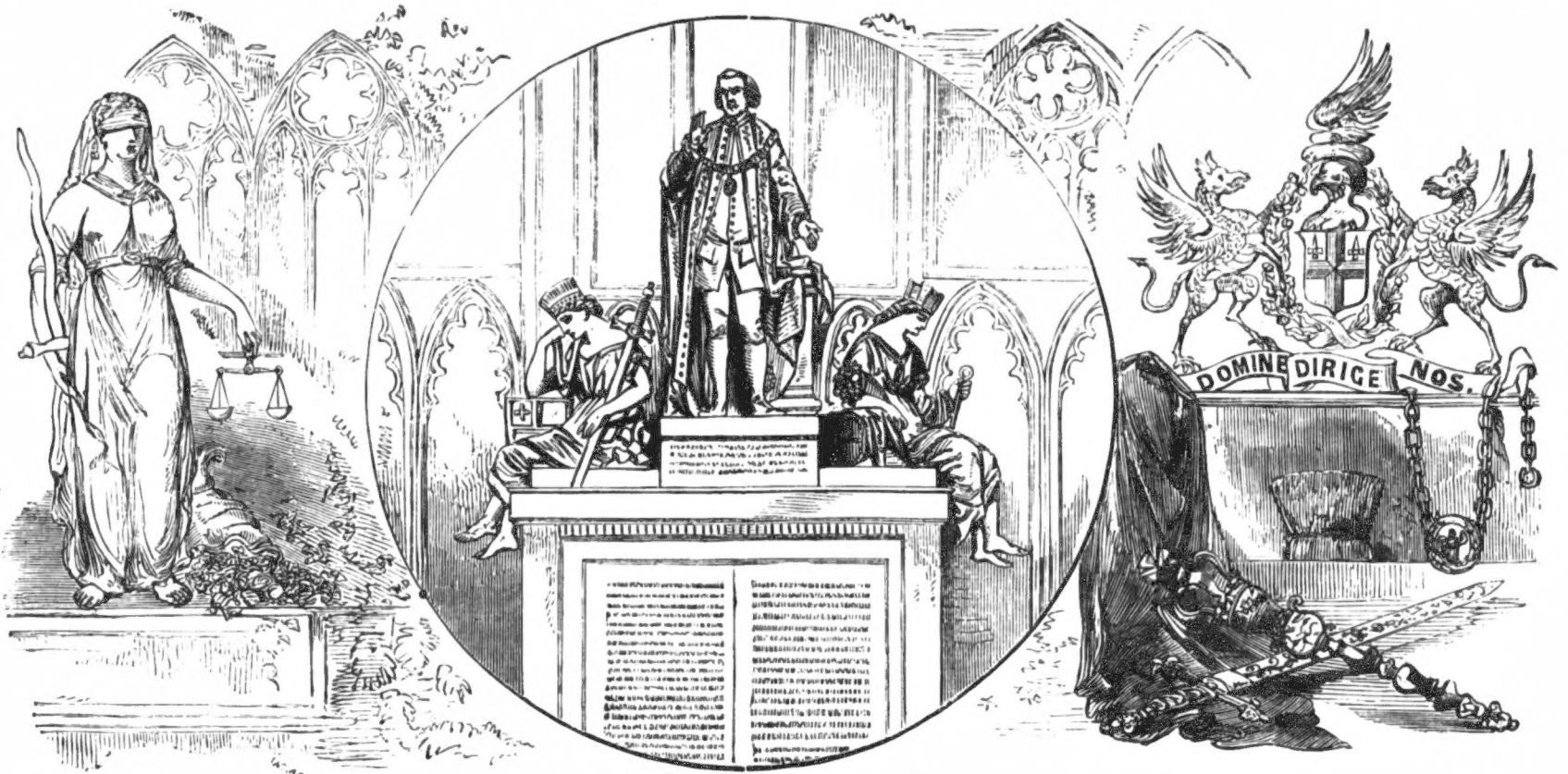
BUT there are other trials which, being purely extraneous to his position, and quite accidental, are far more difficult for him to bear. Take a man like Thackeray, for instance—a great genius shrouded upon a coterie of small wittlings who happened by a fortuitous combination of circumstances, rather than by any merit of their own, to have the public ear. See how they worried him! Until he was known, he was shallow; when it was found that he was deep; he was cynical. It was not until he was dead that he was found to be great. Then he was no longer a dangerous competitor, and praise was cheap. He could even be held up as an example to the disparagement of a great contemporary humorist, whose sole offence was that he was still living. Here was a man who suffered not from any want of appreciation on the part of the public, but from the fact that his critics were in the same line of business with himself, and were not gifted enough to hold their own against him. There was a sort of huckstering rivalry in the matter that must have been keenly irritating to refined sensibilities like his; yet he dared show no sign of pain, lest he should unwittingly immortalize the small fry who inflicted it. And it is not only in life that the great man suffers. No sooner has the breath left his body than his trunks are rifled, his secret drawers pryed into, every bit of scandal and titillating about him collected and published, his innermost life, social, moral, domestic, and religious, laid bare to the gaze of a public which is ever more prone to condemn than to praise. Plain Mr. Smith, who never did anything for the benefit of his race, beyond paying his way and setting the people who lived in the same street and went to the same chapel a tolerably good example, can go to his last rest without the least fear that the one small skeleton in his cupboard will ever be brought out to his detriment. Jones, the tippler, who beat his wife and starved his family, enjoys a similar immunity. But let any man become a great public benefactor, and straightway everything he did in secret is brought to light. The greater he is, the less mercy is shown him.—"Thoughts in the Twilight," in "Cassell's Magazine" for November.

retrenched taxation by unintermitting and permanently unwearied importunity. Otherwise it will continue to be, as it has been to this hour, virtually neglected by each political administration. It has not been a mere question of Liberals or Conservatives, but of Liberals and Conservatives.

The next International Statistical Congress will be held at the Hague in 1869.

turned off from the Mayne.—A Discharged Policeman.

MONUMENTS IN GUILDHALL.



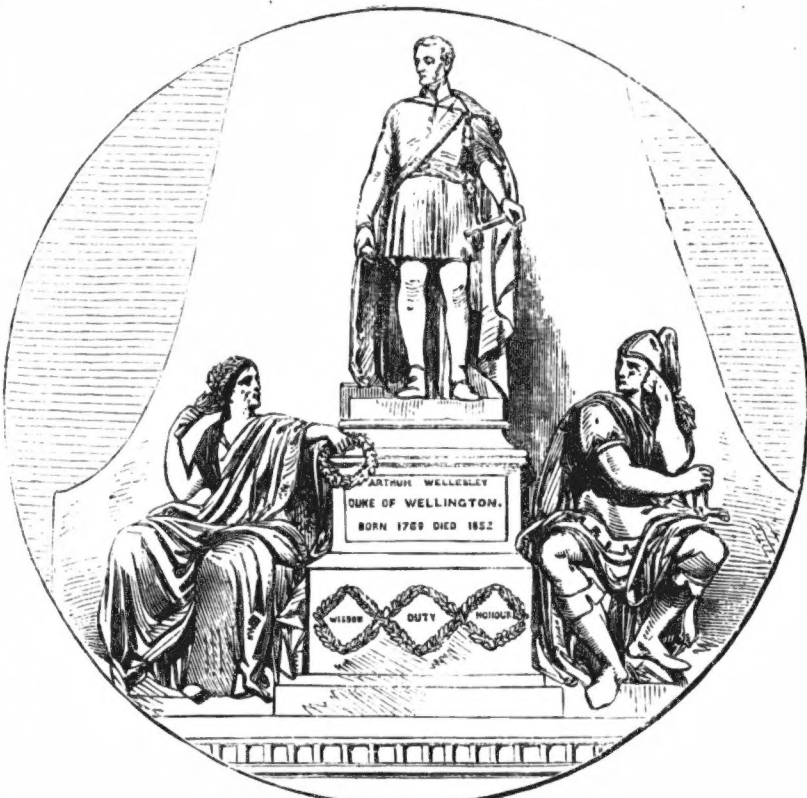
BECKFORD'S MONUMENT.



PITT'S MONUMENT.



CHATHAM'S MONUMENT.



WELLINGTON'S MONUMENT.



NELSON'S MONUMENT.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.—King O' Scots. Phelps.
PRINCESS'S.—After Dark. Seven.
ADELPHI.—Monte Christo. Mr. Fechter.
LYCEUM.—The Rightful Heir.
STRAND.—Sisterly Service.—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—
 Marriage at Any Price. Half-past Seven.
NEW QUEEN'S.—The Lancashire Lass. Seven.
ROYALTY.—Richard III.: An Old Dickey with a New Front
 and Farce.
PRINCE OF WALES.—Atchi and Society.
NEW HOLBORN.—Blow for Blow and Lucretia Borgia.
ASTLEY'S.—Siege of Magdala.
SURREY.—Land Rats and Water Rats.
ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Eque-
 strism, &c. Ours. Eight.
BRITANNIA.—Various Dramas.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.
ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy's Minstrels. Eight.
POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from
 Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.
MADAME TESSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—Open from Eleven till dusk,
 and from Seven till Ten.
ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Eight.
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Jus-
 tice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House,
 Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses
 of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds;
 Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery;
 National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South
 Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; So-
 ciety of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every
 year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster
 Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers'
 Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 6, New
 Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins);
 Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College
 of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum
 (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington
 House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum,
 South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street;
 Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum,
 Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street,
 Strand.

The Illustrated Weekly News.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1868.

THE DISSOLUTION.

THE United Kingdom is without a Parliament. The
 Lord Chancellor has issued his writs, and never at all
 events since the dissolution of the Parliament of 1832
 was such an event so important. Mr. Disraeli in his
 most bombastic fashion said at the Guildhall Banquet
 on the 9th that "even under ordinary circumstances the
 dissolution of Parliament is the most important
 event in the lives of Englishmen." Few will endorse
 this opinion, and many care very little about it, but at
 this juncture it is of the highest interest to the whole
 population. How like and how unlike the circum-
 stances in January 1833. The last of the unreformed
 Parliaments was dissolved by a Liberal Ministry
 and the first reformed one met under the same auspices.
 There were the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of
 Lansdowne; Earls Grey, Durham, and Carlisle;
 Viscounts Althorp, Goderich, and Palmerston; Lords
 Brougham, Auckland, Holland, and Russell; the pre-
 sent Earl of Derby, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Charles
 Grant. Of this list of statesmen only two now survive
 Lords Russell and Derby; and it may be added that
 these noble earls and Lord Palmerston were, with the
 exception of Lord Melbourne, the only members of the
 Whig cabinet who obtained the premiership after Earl
 Grey's retirement from power. It may further be
 remarked that Lords Palmerston, Derby, and Russell,
 respectively Foreign Secretary, Chief Secretary for
 Ireland, and Paymaster of the Forces at the meeting
 of the first reformed Parliament, all held the office of
 prime minister during the brief life of the Parliament
 which has just been dissolved.

The last of "the £10 Reform Parliament" closes its
 existence under a Tory Ministry, and the first house-
 hold and lodger suffrage House of Commons will meet
 under like auspices. The Tories of 1832 resisted to the
 uttermost any extension of the franchise. Those of
 1867 did the same, but seeing that it was inevitable,
 they took it up themselves, in the hope of being
 able to balk the reformers and burk reform. In
 1832 the cause suffered severely by the intractability
 and impracticability of a few of the Liberal members.
 Joseph Hume, then in the zenith of his reputation
 urged upon the House the adoption of the £50 Tenant-
 at-will clause, and in spite of the warnings of Lord
 John Russell, a large number of Liberals voted for it.
 In 1868, Earl Russell, Mr. Mill, and Mr. Hughes, in
 spite of the warnings of John Bright, were enthusiastic
 patrons of the minority clause. Earl Grosvenor,
 Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Laing, Mr. Bouvierie, and
 others on the Liberal side were the instruments of much
 mischief, as they had been of defeating reform
 altogether in 1867. No man was so influential in
 resisting the extension of the franchise since 1833, as
 a Liberal—Lord Palmerston.

The *Daily News* says, "Possibly, the new political
 generation on which England now enters, will resemble
 in its essential features that which is now closed." We

do not think so. Change educates for further change.
 The higher the torch is lifted up into the darkness the
 greater the area of light, and the wider the arch of
 gloom beyond. As men make an advance in liberty
 and intelligence, while they exult in the glory that is
 around, they have a wiser perception of the vastness of
 the dark region beyond, and cry with increased eager-
 ness for more light.

Probably, intimidation and exclusive dealing
 on the part of the Tories will characterize the
 coming elections more than any, the oldest
 amongst us, has seen. Nearly all over the country
 mill-owners, and large employers who are Tories
 are turning off the work-people who are Liberal, and
 setting on employees of Conservative employers to beat
 not only Liberal workmen, but their wives and children.
 The great landowners are giving notices to quit. A
 reign of terror has commenced of which the new Parlia-
 ment must take stern account. Mr. Gathorne Hardy was,
 therefore, in wretched bad taste when he thus spake at
 the Guildhall Banquet on the 9th to the toast of "The
 House of Commons." He was sure that there would
 be "nothing in the election of the next representative
 assembly of the nation, which has set the example
 of representative assemblies all over the world, for
 either party to be ashamed of in the shape of corrup-
 tion, violence, tumult, or bloodshed;" and that
 the election would be a calm and decisive verdict,
 delivered by a sober, not by an excited people, for
 the advantage of the country in all time to come." Now
 Mr. Hardy had heard about the rioting, assault,
 exclusive dealing, the dismissal of Liberal workmen
 and the murders at Blackburn. He had heard of the
 intimidation and dismissals of Liberal workmen in
 Wilts, and of the Beaufort dictation in Gloucestershire,
 and yet he could have the face to say that he had con-
 fidence purity and tranquillity would characterize the
 elections. Had he denounced the Tory partisans in the
 provinces for dishonouring the Government and the
 party by their fraud and violence, some credit might be
 given him for sincerity in the conviction he expressed,
 but as it is the pretence is only another specimen of the
 plausible dishonesty of the present Cabinet. In spite of
 misrepresentation, attacks on private character, notices
 to quit on tenants, dismissal of workmen, exclusive
 dealing, violence, and assaults next week will give a
 signal triumph to the Liberal party.

SPAIN.

THE decree has gone forth for the election of a con-
 stituent assembly, when the future Government will be
 determined upon. The Imperial Court of France and
 the Queen's Ministry in England are very anxious that
 a sovereign should be chosen from some of the lesser
 Royal Houses. A large portion of the Spanish people
 are opposed to any such arrangement. Some because
 they prefer a Republic, and very many because of the
 national aversion to be governed by a stranger. The
 leading statesmen are for a constitutional monarchy, no
 matter how obtained, lest jealousies should be fomented
 in other European Courts and Governments, or the
 French Emperor should make a pretext for interference,
 and no doubt generally from a preference to that form
 of Government.

We concur with our contemporary, the *Pall Mall*
Gazette, that there is no country in Europe for which a
 Republican Government would be so well suited. There
 is no country of the same extent in all Europe in which
 the local spirit is so strong, or in which it animates
 districts of such respectable size and antiquity. The
 Basque provinces, Catalonia, Aragon, Castile, Andalusia,
 want very little encouragement to organize
 themselves into cantons or provinces as distinct as
 Berne, Lucerne, Zurich, and the Grisons, and yet as
 much connected together as New York, Pennsylvania,
 and Massachusetts. The local spirit, indeed, is so
 powerful that in the Carlist revolt the great object of
 the Basques was to maintain the democratic privileges
 which they had possessed from remote antiquity. To
 secure themselves in obtaining this object they were
 quite ready to support what would have been a despo-
 tism for the rest of Spain. Another point much in
 favour of such a scheme is the state of religion
 throughout the country. The decrees of the Junta in-
 dicate the truth of the assertions made by several of
 those who were best informed upon the subject, and
 which, by the way, were sufficiently probable in them-
 selves, that the great religious fermentation which is
 extending over the whole of Europe is in operation
 in Spain as well as elsewhere. But, notwithstanding
 this, the population is practically unanimous in its
 religious convictions, whatever differences may exist as
 to the political position which ought to be assigned to
 the clergy. The Spaniards are all Catholics, whatever
 they may think of the priests and of toleration. This
 fact would supply a most powerful bond of union
 between the various provinces if they should determine
 to constitute themselves into a republic, more or less
 resembling Switzerland or the United States. The only
 real dangers to which Switzerland has been ex-
 posed in this generation are those which have arisen
 out of religious divisions. The difference between
 Catholic and Protestant was the soul of the troubles of
 the Sonderbund, and is closely connected with the
 intrigues which from time to time break out into down-
 right disorder and tumult in Geneva between the Pro-
 testants and the Catholics, who are in favour of annexa-
 tion to France.

Our contemporary, however, while appreciating the
 situation, and declaring on the grounds which we
 always considered tenable that a republic is the only
 Government really suited to the country, is very delicate

in introducing the subject. Pall Mall is too genteel a
 place in which to talk Republicanism, except with a very
 mild voice, and many apologies, or perhaps it may be,
 that the title itself is so suggestive of aristocracy, that
 Radicalism should be toned down, softened and sweetened
 in its columns. At all events, while our contemporary
 reasons so well for the establishment of a Republic in
 the Spanish portion of the Iberian Peninsula he very
 timidly introduces a subject upon which large classes of
 English people are so techy. He thus feels his way:—

"Englishmen will not, as a rule, feel much sympathy with the
 jingling epigrams which Victor Hugo has strung together about
 Right erect behind the Barricade of the Pyrenees, the True, the
 Just, and other politico-theatrical properties, and it must be owned
 that the frequent extravagances and failures of the Republican
 party have produced a great deal of scepticism as to the possi-
 bility of the permanence of the Republican form of Government.
 How far this apprehension is just, and what are the real pro-
 spects of Republicanism, are wide questions which we cannot
 now discuss; but whatever may be the truth respecting them, it
 appears to us that many of the conditions which are suitable to
 the establishment of a Republic exist in Spain."

Now we in England, happily content with a con-
 stitutional monarchy, and are not at all disposed to make
 any experiments to its disadvantage, but we also know
 that our contemporary's trite phrases as to the frequent
 extravagances and failures of the republican party,
 and the difficulty of believing in the permanence of that
 form of Government is mere cant whenever it is used.

Where have these failures taken place? The French
 Republic did well, and was amicable with us, and the
 Monarchies around when Louis Napoleon Buonaparte
 quenched it in the blood of the citizens of Paris.
 Switzerland is free and prosperous under that form.
 The United States of America has proved that such a
 form of Government may be both permanent and ad-
 vantageous to some nations. Only amongst the
 ignorant and fanatical clusters of people in South
 America have such failures taken place, where, in fact,
 every other form of Government would fail in the
 same way. Monarchical failures have been common
 enough. Crowns and sceptres, and shattered thrones,
 have strewn the earth. We in England shall be very
 happy to see a constitutional monarchy in Spain with a
 policy of peace, free trade, and religious liberty; but,
 whoever accepts the vacant throne must be a Roman
 Catholic and a Roman Catholic Court will be inimical to
 both civil and religious liberty, especially the latter:
 under a Republic "liberty of prophesying," as John
 Milton called it, would be secure.

SETTLEMENT OF THE AMERICAN CLAIMS.

We hail with satisfaction the announcement made by the plen-
 ipotentiary of the United States, that he and Lord Stanley have
 agreed to a plan of arbitrating the claims mutually made. The
 claims against us are heavier than ours against the Union, and we
 shall at the very lowest have to pay a million sterling, and
 possibly two millions. This great cost to the country when so
 many are starving in the provinces, and more than 100,000 persons
 in London in wretched poverty and destitution, is entailed upon us
 by the shipbuilding class, one of the most Tory of all classes in the
 country. Mr. Laird, late member for Birkenhead, is especially
 responsible for this evil. We are delighted to hear that contrary
 to all previous expectations, a Liberal is likely to be returned for
 that hitherto most rowdy and venal of boroughs. If, however,
 the Legislature does not pass more stringent enactments imposing
 neutrality upon our own citizen, we may not only have to pay
 America, or some other Power a much heavier sum, but may be
 also drifted into a war. We have happily escaped the latter, and
 entered upon a just and honest course towards the American
 Union, which reciprocates the good spirit our Government has
 shown.

It is necessary, however, to state that although if Mr. Johnson
 represented a constitutional monarchy, the sanction of his Govern-
 ment would suffice to ratify an arrangement of this kind; as minister
 of the United States his action will need to be confirmed not only by
 Mr. Andrew Johnson and Mr. Seward, but by the Senate at Wash-
 ington. It has already been stated that Mr. Reverdy Johnson has
 full powers to settle all matters in dispute between the two coun-
 tries; but this must be understood of such powers as the presi-
 dent can confer. In this view of the case, the state of opinion in
 the United States is possibly deserving of more attention than it
 has received.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

THERE are some things connected with the approaching contests
 and returns which are likely to be forgot, but which it is desirable
 to remember.

In the new Registration Act the following provision appears:—
 "If the next dissolution of parliament takes place in the year
 1868, the time to be appointed for the first meeting of the parlia-
 ment of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland after
 such dissolution may be at any time not less than 28 days after the
 date of such proclamation, any act, law, or usage to the contrary
 notwithstanding."

By a recent act an election in counties can take place in four
 days after the holding of the court at which proclamation is made to
 "elect a knight or knights to serve in parliament." It was
 formerly "six days" after the proclamation.

By the new Registration Act (31 and 32 Vict., c. 58) the law
 has been amended. The provision in the act of William IV. has
 been repealed, and it is now enacted "that the polling booths at
 each polling place shall be so divided and arranged in compart-
 ments by the sheriff or other returning officer, that not more than
 500 electors shall be allotted to poll at each compartment."

Mr. Stanford has published a very useful guide to the consti-
 tuencies of the United Kingdom, showing all the counties, divisions
 of counties, parliamentary boroughs, and universities, with the
 alterations and additions according to the new Reform Act. In
 the same cover Mr. Stanford also publishes a full list of candidates,
 with a curious and interesting analysis and other valuable
 information.

"LUXURIANT AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR."—Mrs. S. A. Allen's
 World's Hair Restorer or Dressing never fails to quickly restore
 grey or faded hair to its youthful colour and beauty. It stops the
 hair from falling off. It prevents baldness. It promotes luxuriant
 growth; it causes the hair to grow thick and strong. It removes
 all dandruff. It contains neither oil nor dye. In large bottles,
 price six shillings. Sold by chemists and perfumers.—Dépôt, 266,
 High Holborn, London.—[ADVT.]

GREY or faded hair restored to the original colour by F. E.
 SIMON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most
 Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A RECENT TOUR IN SPAIN.

At present the curiosity of the public is much directed to the Iberian Peninsula. There are few good accounts of Spain. Borrow's was lively and graphic, but it is now obsolete. The following is from the journal of a private gentleman now in France, and will be perused by our readers with interest:—

True there is much to admire in and around the Alhambra, but with all its present glory telling of greater glory gone for ever, it failed to impress me as I had anticipated. However there is enough to interest the traveller and well repay the inconvenient journey to reach it; but I earnestly advise all who visit it, to do so before going to Seville.

The Cathedralised mosque at Cordova, the Alcazar at Seville, and the Alhambra at Granada, tell wonderful tales of the vanquished Moor; speak impressively of his industry, tastes, habits, religion, luxury; they talk eloquently, with their horse-shoe arches; their curiously cut marble and stone columns and pillars, their elaborate courts and baths, their corridors and galleries, their wonderful ornamentation of floor and ceiling and wall; continuously and firmly has their cemented masonry been speaking to the world while more than a score of human generations have come and gone, and strongly and proudly do they speak to-day; beautifully do their rainbow-coloured tiles speak of skill and art; proudly do their old ambassadorial halls proclaim former power and more than kingly magnificence, but mournfully and sadly does the Spanish plaster on their walls speak of power without taste, of strength without appreciation, of spite prompted by vengeful bigotry; mournfully does the water trickle from their fountains, dropping like tears from those whose friends have gone never to return. Judging the Moors simply by what they built, and the Spaniards by the spoiling they have done, one must say that the Mahometan was better than the Christian, that changing the crescent for the cross worked no elevation of the race, but with the Cross came the great civilization, the press, and though in Papal Spain it has not as yet done its perfect work, yet as it has done and is doing more for humanity, perhaps we ought to be thankful for the change, though one cannot help feeling sad in remembering the vanquished Moor.

Granada is a fine old city, with beautiful surroundings; contains many things of historic interest; is the burial-place of Ferdinand and Isabella, the great friends of Columbus. Here, also, rest the remains of Crazy Jane, the grandmother of Spain's second Philip, the builder of the Escorial.

Their tombs are in the old cathedral, itself a marvel of the past, a mighty relic of bygone zeal, in which the visitor may see the silver crown worn by Isabella, some of her needle-work, the sword and sceptre of Ferdinand, and the coffin in which Crazy Jane used to carry the body of her dead husband.

In one of the chapels there is a life-size figure of Christ, having very long hair on His head, a fancifully trimmed petticoat around His body, and His feet just over—in fact, almost on the head of the Virgin, giving the impression that the Saviour is standing on His mother's head.

In another chapel there is a life-size figure of the Virgin holding the dead Christ in her arms, all cut out of one piece of marble, and beautifully done, the face of the Virgin being very expressive.

It is really wonderful to see how religious art can make marble, and wood, and metal, look and speak.

Painted in large letters on some of the mighty columns of this cathedral were notices, warning men not to speak to a woman in those parts of the sacred edifice, under pain of excommunication.

In a garden, formerly belonging to the Alhambra, I saw a heavy frost on the grass, ice half an inch thick on the water, rose-bushes full of roses, and orange trees loaded with fruit—all within a space of two hundred feet; a marriage of winter and summer not often witnessed.

On the hillside, opposite the Alhambra, is the gipsy quarter, and all up and down this hillside these strange people have made caves, or huts, in the ground, just like so many two-legged foxes, and here they live, generation after generation. Some of their caves look neat and comfortable.

Observing many peculiarly-dressed men at work on Sunday, under armed guards, about the grounds of the Alhambra, I inquired why they were thus dressed, and was told that they were convicts, nearly all of whom were guilty of homicide, having taken life in some brawl, or quarrel; such deeds not being uncommon. They were doing but little work; were chatting with the guards, whose muskets stood against the wall, within reach of a convict, while the vigilant guard warned his fingers by a little fire. One convict was pointed out as quite a hero, having killed some three or four men.

They were nearly all quite young men. On the outskirts of the city is an old monastery, through the desolate cloisters and tenantless chapels and rooms of which we were conducted by an old man, so bent with age that he seemed to be looking into the ground to find a place to lay his old body; a poor, tottering old man, cloak-wrapped and skull-capped in black, looking so woe-begone, so pitiful, so lonely that one might almost wish to have his monastic order restored to former power for his sake, and as he led us from place to place, his old legs too feeble to lift his feet from the marble floor over which they scraped and slid and shuffled. It seemed as if he had called one back to life whose sleep should not have been disturbed; as if we were trying to light a lamp whose last drop of oil had long, long before been burned; and as he sat him down to rest while we looked and wondered at what his predecessors had done, he looked the very personification of the "last man."

On the walls of the corridors of this old monastery are many very curious and characteristic paintings, representing English Protestants torturing and killing monks; among others is one representing Henry the Eighth taking the skin off a living monk. Royal business that. Another picture shows a living monk having his entrails taken out by a wildass, around which they are being wound; others representing burnings, hangings, roastings, boilings, skinnings, quarterings, and other humane treatments that religious bigotry is so fond of.

One very peculiar feature of these pictures was the perfectly sweet and lamb-like faces of the monks, and the more than diabolical features and forms of their Protestant persecutors. Sectarian art like sectarian zeal is somewhat one-sided.

This old monastery contains some of the richest and most wonderful work to be found in Spain. The doors of the Sacristy and the drawers therein (in which garments were kept) are of different wood, such as walnut, oak, ebony, and are wonderfully inlaid with ivory, mother-of-pearl, shell, and silver, laced and twined and wreathed and curled, as skillfully as only art and industry prompted by religious zeal can work.

On the sides of this room were great slabs of the most exquisitely coloured marble, worked and polished to perfection; large oblong medallions of agate, some of them twenty inches wide. In a small room is a beautiful little temple of jasper, onyx, agate, and other costly stones and elegant marbles, one of the finest specimens of work I ever saw. High up on one end of a large room is a painted cross and so wonderfully is it done, that the spectator will not believe his eyes until he walks directly under it and sees that the wood does not project from the wall, and that the nails do not stand out of the wood, but that it is only paint, painted on a plastered wall, and as he walks away from it, looking at it as he goes, again he thinks he is mistaken, that it is a real wooden cross fast to the wall, that the nails are real iron, that they are only partly driven into the wood, that the shadow their heads make on the wood is real shade, and back he goes to the end of the room again, and stands right under the cross and looks up again and again, finds it nothing but paint, and only paint on a plastered wall.

I think that painted cross the most perfectly deceptive piece of work I ever saw, so natural is it and so real in effect.

A funeral procession passed our hotel. It consisted of about a dozen boys on foot with lighted candles (in the day-time), and as many men, smoking cigarettes. The corpse was that of an infant, borne on a bier carried by four men. The bier was not carried on the shoulders of the bearers, but hung suspended from their hands by short cords. The coffin was painted in light, cheerful colours, the upper or lid part of it being as roomy as the under part, just as if the coffin had been halved: the corpse lay on the under half, neatly dressed, with its little bare face looking as calmly up to our common Father as if it had never known pain or sorrow. The other half of the coffin was carried by boys; all men and boys, chatting, laughing and smoking as if the dead little one was simply sleeping in its mother's arms, instead of going to rest in the bosom of our great mother.

From Granada back to Malaga we had a modified form of the mule-whipping and horse-pounding served out to us on our journey up. On arriving at the hotel at Malaga we were told that we could have rooms there for that night only, as the hotel had been taken for the next night by an Austrian Archduke, or some other titled person from the north, but as we did not intend to remain in that beggar-crowded city of impudent gazers only one night—in fact, not even that if we could have gotten away—we did not care much about being turned out in the morning by the Duke.

From Malaga to Valencia is thirty hours by rail, a tedious ride, without a decent place to get a meal. As we approach Valencia the country becomes perfectly charming, the railway traversing miles and miles of orange and fig and mulberry and olive orchards, with occasional clusters of palm trees towering beautifully over the landscape.

The section is one of the most productive in Spain, is watered by the most perfect system of irrigation in Europe; every part of every field is supplied with conduits for the water, some of earth and some of cemented brick; these latter having been used ever since the Moors left them, hundreds of years ago.

The water is drawn from wells by very rude machinery, worked by blinded mules, the dipping apparatus consisting of earthen jars tied to wheels.

Valencia is a lively city, with comparatively few beggars, but among them was a blind Albino boy leading a blind Albino man, and a man walking on his hands and feet, monkey fashion, the poor creature being unable to walk upright or to move in any way but on all fours. His constant effort to raise his head to see the faces of the passers-by, had caused his back to hollow or bend downwards, just as you have seen the back crooked in what are called "away back" horses. Spain has more wretchedly deformed beggars than I ever saw elsewhere.

The largest building in Valencia, if not in Spain, is one used for murdering old horses, and called a bull-ring. In the vestibule of the post-office there was a short written list of uncalled-for letters. This looked as if the hundred thousand people living in the city did not have a very great correspondence. Calling on a banker, we were asked to wait a short time for him to read his letters, before seeing us. We waited. Very business-like for a banker with a dozen clerks, sitting around smoking cigarettes. Over the store doors, or in front of them, may be seen little signs, with pictures of saints or other religious notables, and behind their counters the clerks wait on their lady customers with their hats on and cigarettes in their mouths.

The market of Valencia displays more and better vegetables, fruit and nuts than I have seen elsewhere in Spain; a perfect avalanche of good things.

From Valencia we went to Barcelona by rail and stage (the railway not being finished), and as our stage was behind time we missed the train, and had to stay all night at the town of Tarragona, a city claiming to be a thousand years older than Christianity.

To while away the evening, we strayed into the cathedral, that has been standing for five hundred years, and wandering through its dimly-lighted naves, watching a few devotees kneeling in the shadows of its great columns, and listening to their whispered prayers.

These grim old cathedrals are very impressive, even by daylight but much more so in the evening, or at the hour of early morning Mass; then the light and shadows, the chants, the music, and the ceremonial produce a wonderful effect on one not familiar with them.

We left Tarragona, before daylight, for Barcelona, our route being along the shores of the Mediterranean, and through groves of mulberry, fig, and orange trees; and as the day broke, the scene was one of singular beauty.

To our right, some mile distant, was the Blue Sea; between the sea and the railway were orange trees, loaded with fruit; close down to the water's edge, on the far-off horizon, were two little white clouds, having their under sides tinged with the golden rays of the upcoming sun, and, as these rays brightened and covered these little clouds, it seemed as if they were made of golden wool, so fleecy and gold-like did they look. Soon, however, their beauty was hid by the bright sun, as he came up out of the sea, looking like a huge wheel of solid gold, and, as his rays gilded the leaves of the orange trees, and made their yellow fruit look more gold-like, the scene was one long to be remembered.

Barcelona is a very fine city, having many beautiful streets and squares, plenty of public vehicles, with good horses; many new buildings in progress; has one of the best opera houses in Europe; hotels without female servants (adieu, remember this); and its cathedral has a huge Moor's head suspended from the lower part of one of its organs—some thirty feet from the floor—a great, turbaned, bearded, life-coloured head—hanging as a memento of the conquest of the Moors by the Spaniards; a singular method of proclaiming the superiority of the Bible over the Koran.

From Barcelona (whose barbers take what you choose to give for cutting your hair) to Perpignan, France, is some fourteen hours, eleven of which is by stage, through a country more hilly and timber-covered than any other portion of Spain we have seen; in fact, the appearance of the country changes very rapidly as we approach France, and before many miles are passed after crossing the frontier the traveller realises very fully that France is not Spain, and that Spaniards are not Frenchmen.

In Spain the highways are perfectly bare of shade trees. In France scarcely a road can be found without them. On Spanish roads vehicles are seldom seen, donkeys and mules doing all the carrying. In France one is never out of sight of wheeled vehicles of some sort. Spanish teamsters beat their poor beasts till the blood runs, while French teamsters do not. Spanish men seldom laugh, seldom are polite, pay but little regard to others' comfort. Frenchmen seldom look grim, are usually polite, and do not insist on puffing tobacco smoke in the faces of ladies in omnibuses and railway cars. Spanish shops are dark, gloomy, tasteless in their arrangement, and their owners are as crusty as the shops are dark. French shops are tastefully arranged and their owners politely civil. In Spanish towns the traveller seldom sees a plant or flower in house windows. In French towns we cannot look up or down a street without seeing them. Spanish towns are full of bad odours from undrained vaults. French towns seldom offend in that particular. Spanish railway stations are not clean or comfortable. French ones are. Spanish custom-house and railway officials are imperiously uncivil. French ones apologize for the trouble they cause, and thank you for your ticket. France has thousands of magnificent country residences, chateaux. Spain scarcely any. France has plenty of running streams. Spain few.

I have traversed Spain from north to south, from its centre to its eastern bounds; have seen its small, dark-haired, fiery-eyed women; its sombre-faced, cigarette-smoking, cloak-wrapped men,

its magnificent highways, and its miserable roads, wheelless and hoof-trodden; have noticed the absence of shrines at road crossings, so common in other Catholic countries; have eaten of its good bread and smelled its miserable butter; have eaten of its tolerable mutton and tried to eat its poor beef; have drunk its excellent wines and suffered from its bad water; have eaten its luxurious grapes and inhaled its mountain air; have seen its blue, cloudless sky, its wonderfully great and magnificent cathedrals, splendid churches, and the comfortable looking dwellings of the poor; its barren plains and beautiful orange groves; its waterless river beds and the work of its sweeping torrents; its thousands of fat, well-clad priests, and its thousands of ragged, starving beggars; its comfortably clothed, handsome military officers, and its stupid-looking, shoeless, stockingless common soldiers; its well-to-do hundreds, and its ill-clad, poorly fed thousands; have missed the middle class seen in other lands; have seen its snow-capped mountains and its sun-warmed valleys; its granite-backed, boulder-covered hills and crop-growing plains; have seen its great picture gallery and absence of art appreciation among its people; have seen its horse-murdering, bull-killing shows, and the gorgeous vestments of its clergy; have slept in its good, clean beds, and shivered by its cold, smoky fireplaces; have looked on many a reminder of its great past and something of the dead life of its present; can see in the life promising of tall factory chimneys signs of a better life; can hear in the click of the telegraph and the whistle of the locomotive sounds that shall usher her to glory again, to a greater glory than was ever dreamed of by any Philip or Charles or Isabella that wore her crown or led her people to battle; and now, land that sent forth the discoverer of a new world, a world greater than you can ever be, land of genial climate and fertile soil! land of fruits and flowers, of the olive and the palm, farewell!

COURT AND SOCIETY.

HER Majesty the Queen of the Netherlands and suite attended divine service on Sunday at the Dutch Church, Austinfriars, when a very appropriate discourse was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Gehle, chaplain to the Royal family of the Netherlands. The venerable building was filled.

THE report that the Princess of Wales, the Queen of Prussia, and the Empress of Austria will be among the distinguished guests at Compiègne this season is contradicted on what seems to be semi-official authority. The present political state of Europe, it is alleged, prevents the visit.

HER Royal Highness the Princess Royal left St. Leonard's for Windsor Castle, on a visit to the Queen. The Crown Prince and the Princess Charlotte arrived at the castle in the course of the day.

THE Queen of Holland visited Plymouth from Torquay. Her Majesty, escorted by General Sir Augustus Spencer, visited Mount Edgecumbe and the Hoe, and afterwards went up the Tamar as far as the Royal Albert Bridge, attended by Admiral Drummond. Her Majesty drove to Berry Head, and paid a visit to the Earl of Devon at Powderham Castle. The Queen also visited Lupton, the seat of Lord Churston, and afterwards went to Kingswear, and visited her Majesty's ship Britannia. She then left Torquay for London, and is now residing at Claridge's Hotel.

PRINCE NAPOLEON arrived at Torquay on Friday week, and drove to the Royal Hotel. After having dined, his Imperial Highness, who is a cousin of the Queen of the Netherlands, took tea with her Majesty. On Tuesday the Prince left for London.

PRINCE HUSSEIN PACHA, the second son of the Viceroy of Egypt, is expected to arrive in London.

THE Duke of Edinburgh took leave of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Prince and Princess Royal of Prussia on his departure from England in command of her Majesty's ship Galatea. The Prince of Wales returned to Marlborough House from a visit to General Hall, at Six-mile Bottom, Cambridgeshire. On Saturday the Crown Princess of Prussia took leave of their Royal Highnesses, and left Marlborough House for St. Leonard's. The Princess of Wales accompanied her Royal Highness to the Charing-cross station. The Princess drove out. On Sunday the Prince and Princess attended Divine Service at the Chapel Royal, Savoy. On Tuesday the Prince returned to Marlborough House, from Trentham. On Wednesday his Royal Highness presided at a meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society in Hanover-square. In the evening the Prince and Princess went to the Theatre Royal, Holborn. On Thursday morning the Crown Princess of Prussia and her two children arrived at Marlborough House from St. Leonard's, and remained to luncheon. The Prince of Wales met her Royal Highness at the Charing-cross Station. The Crown Princess afterwards left Marlborough House for Windsor. The Prince of Wales accompanied her Royal Highness to the Paddington Station. In the evening the Prince and Princess, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Teck, went to the Adelphi Theatre.

PRINCE ARTHUR.—The Gazette of Friday week contained the official announcement of the appointment of Prince Arthur, from the Royal Engineers, as a Lieutenant in the Royal Regiment of Artillery.

THE Crown Princess of Prussia, on Tuesday went by the South Eastern Railway to Knole Park, Sevenoakes, on a visit to Earl Delawarr, returning to St. Leonard's in the afternoon. On Sunday the Princess attended Divine Service at St. Mary's Church.

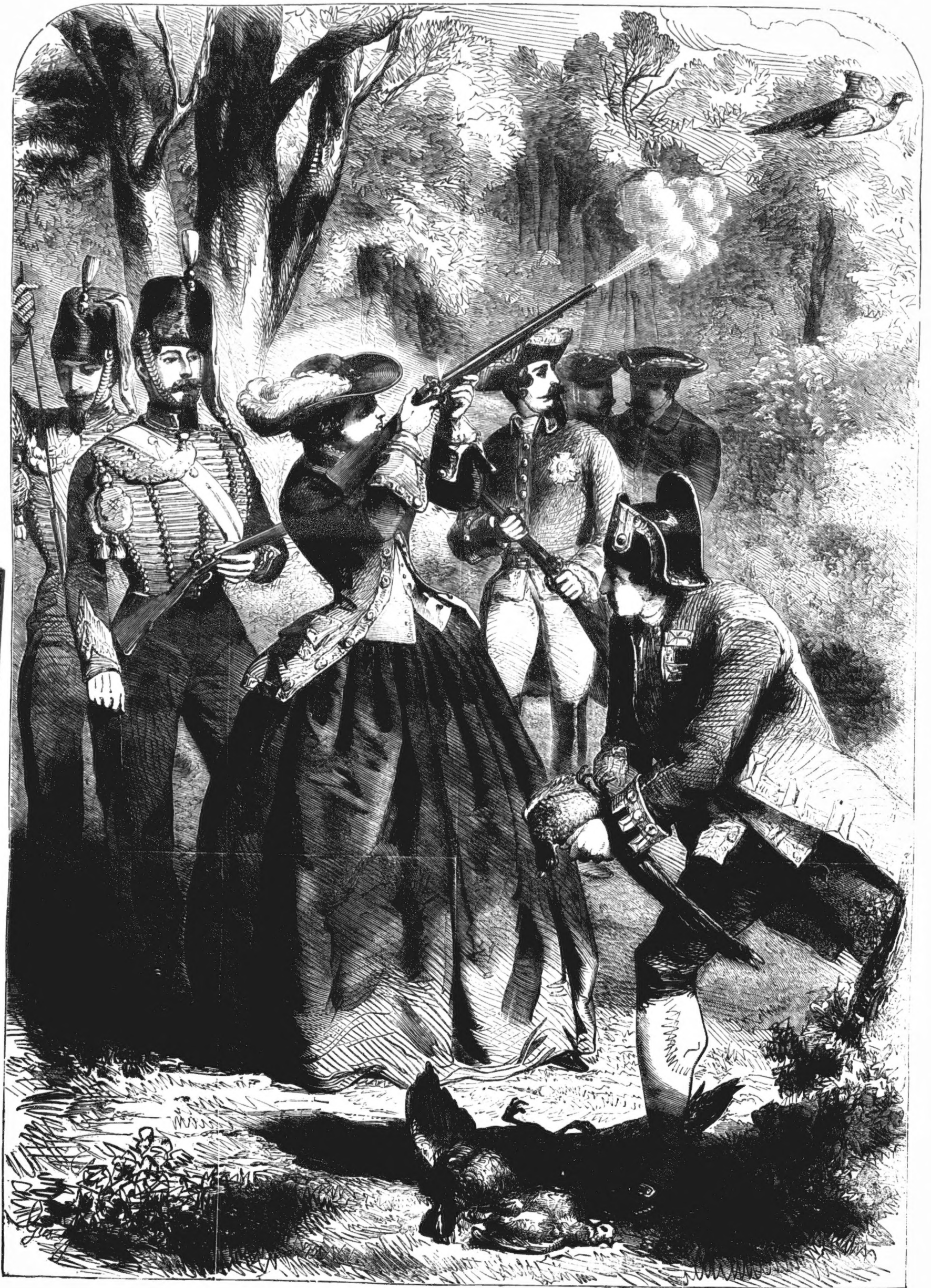
THE DRAWING ROOM.

TOILETS FOR THE MONTH.

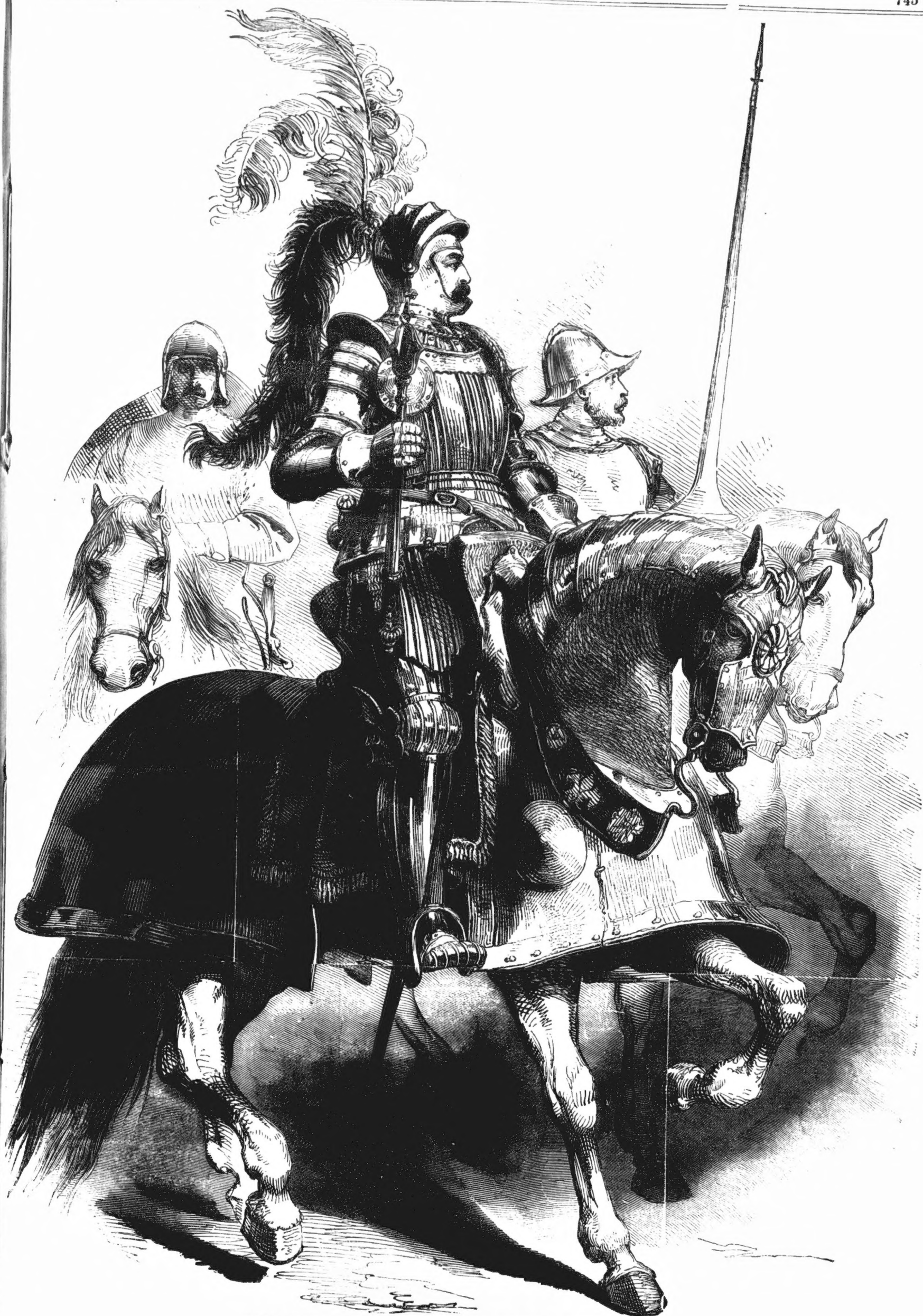
- 1.—Walking toilet. Dress and paletot are made of grey cashmere cloth. Two narrow pleated flounces trim the bottom of the skirt. The paletot is edged with a deep knotted fringe, and looped up with bows.
- 2.—Short walking dress of silk rep, with a deep flounce, headed by a pleated ruche bound on each side with satin. Black silk velvet scarf mantle, trimmed with fringe and satin ruching.
- 3.—Indoor dress, composed of a blue-and-white striped satin train-shaped under skirt, and upper dress and fichu of plain blue foulard, trimmed with blue flouncings, headed by a white ruche, and ornamented on each side with bows and ends of ribbon.
- 4.—Walking dress for a young lady from 12 to 16 years old, made of grey poplin, and trimmed with violet silk pleating.
- 5.—Indoor dress for a little girl from 6 to 9 years old. Under skirt of pink cashmere with two pleated flounces, white cashmere upper dress, with low square bodice, ornamented with tabs of the same material bound with pink satin. High white muslin bodice with long sleeves completes this pretty toilet.

WINTER TOILETS.

- 1.—Double skirt, bodice, and Bechlik mantle of dark blue cashmere cloth, trimmed with black worsted braid. The second skirt is looped up with three buttons. The lappets of the Bechlik are crossed rather low down in front and tied into a bow at the waist; they are finished off with fringe; the pointed hood is completed by a tassel.
- 2.—Dress and Watteau paletot of brown poplin de laine, trimmed with flutings, the heading of which is fastened with a narrow cross strip of brown silk. The paletot is buttoned all the way down with brown gimp buttons and loops. It is finished round the waist with a sash.



THE EMPRESS AT COMPIEGNE.—(SEE PAGE 749.)



LORD MAYOR'S DAY.—THE PROCESSION ENTERING PALACE YARD.

THE BATTLE OF INKERMAN.

In our last issue, when noticing the illustration of the arrest of Guy Fawkes, we stated that the 5th of November had happily become associated with a more glorious recollection, as the great battle of Inkerman was fought on that day 1854. It is termed the great battle not merely because the triumph was so nobly won under circumstances the most unfavourable, but because shortly before another battle was fought on the same spot, when the skilful and intrepid Sir De Lacy Evans with his own division repulsed literally a Russian army.

That was called the Battle of the Little Inkerman, and to distinguish them that fought on the 5th of November it was entitled the Greater Inkerman, and officer

THE GREAT BATTLE OF INKERMAN.

"The thick mist allow'd
Nought to be seen save the artillery's flame,
Which arch'd the horizon like a fiery cloud."

The history of war presents no records of strife more terrible than that which raged on the slopes of Inkerman on the 5th of November, 1854. On the night of the 4th, silence and confidence reigned in the camps around Sebastopol. It was known to the whole of the allied armies that the enemy had received numerous and powerful reinforcements, but how they were likely to be employed was matter of vague and varied conjecture; a renewal of the attack on Balaklava, and perhaps at night, was the most generally prevalent opinion. No notion was entertained anywhere that these hosts would be precipitated upon the position so long occupied by the brave and vigilant De Lacy Evans. Had he not been an invalid, the symptoms in the enemy's camp of approaching battle would not have escaped him; although it is likely that any remonstrances or requests of his to head-quarters would have availed no more in awakening vigilance than those so often previously made by him. No extraordinary precautions, in consequence of the vastly increased forces of the enemy were made by French or English. The pickets were not strengthened, nor were any directions given to watch the foe. Ammunition in the camp was scarce; there were great stores of it at Balaklava, but no pains were taken to have the exhausted magazines at camp replenished. Some regiments were almost without cartridges. The Russian batteries were all silent, and not a shot was fired from the allied works. The night was bitterly cold, the ground damp, the trenches contained lodgments of water, no soldiers were out except those on duty, and many men of the covering parties had their blankets about their legs and feet—the camps had not so silent before. A few lights might be seen flickering in the lines, as the soldiers cooked their rations—the only sign of life visible. The silence was at last broken in a remarkable manner. At about eleven o'clock the church bells in Sebastopol began to toll; the sound came slowly and solemnly upon the still and heavy air. At last these sounds died away, and all was again quiet for a brief space, when a single bell tolled sharply and continuously. The darkness was most profound, and the little air that moved brought every sound from the city with a distinct clearness into the camp. The outlying pickets reported that they heard chanting, and described it as if arising from the united voices of vast multitudes. These things might have aroused the most stolid generals, but they did not stir the torpidity of the allied head-quarters. All who had any knowledge of Russia, and the fanaticism of the Russo-Greek Church, might have foreseen that these sounds betokened the religious services of the newly arrived hosts, invoking their patron saints to favour some enterprise of moment. From eleven o'clock on the night of the 4th until two o'clock on the morning of the 5th, these sounds continued; after that they died away, the darkness grew denser, not a light gleamed from the camps, and a false and stupid security prevailed over the allied hosts. It was probably three o'clock when the outposts of the 55th, one of the regiments of General Evans' division at Inkerman, heard a dull rumbling noise, as if of heavy wheels in the Tchernaya Valley, at the foot of the heights on which the picket was placed. The noise was first heard by a sergeant; it was then recognised by some of the men, and at last reported to the officer. He, having heard similar noises on other nights caused by waggons entering the town, took no notice. The noise, however, continued for a longer period than that generally made by the convoys, and grew louder and more distinct, as if approaching the foot of the heights. It seemed to come chiefly from the direction of Shell Hill, the eminence which overlooked the camp of Sir de Lacy Evans' division. The increased distinctness of the sounds produced no misgiving in the minds of the picket officers, even when the probability of their coming from a convoy passed away. Still the dull rolling sound crept nearer, and the men again and again reported to their officers. The decisive repulse given by General Evans on the 26th, it was believed had discouraged the enemy, and rendered the post secure. The moral effect of the Little Inkerman, it was deemed certain, had made it too hazardous for the enemy to attempt anything again in that direction. From the 26th to the 4th no enemy had shown himself there.

At about half-past four o'clock the French pickets of General Bosquet's division reported that Liprandi's army was in motion. Bosquet turned out his division with promptitude, and adopted such precautions as seemed requisite. He did not move his battalions, for although sounds came up from the Woronzoff Road, nothing could be seen, and no conjecture formed, of what the enemy intended. A few shots discharged against the works in that part of the plateau, although they fell short, led Bosquet to think that his position was menaced. About six o'clock the day dawned, struggling through heavy folds of chilling mist; a more gloomy morning, even in a Crimean November, seldom stole through the fogs of the Tchernaya Valley. At this moment several Russian soldiers, unarmed, showed themselves to the picket of General Evans' division, which was posted in the ravine on the left of Shell Hill. They were supposed to be deserters, as they beckoned to the British to come to them, who at once fell into the trap. As soon as they approached the supposed deserters 500 men started to their feet from amidst the brushwood on each side of the ravine, and surrounded and made prisoners the officer and thirty men who followed him. This fortunately was in view of a few men of the picket, left behind for some purpose, who instantly ran to the nearest picket (that of the 55th), which was posted on the top of the hill. The enemy followed rapidly, and the party of the 55th had scarcely time to catch the alarm from the fugitives before the enemy was upon them. This regiment knew the ground better than any other British corps, having often before skirmished there; they accordingly fell back, contesting, with skilful step and desperate battle, every inch of ground against overwhelming numbers. Then began the Battle of Inkerman. Before we describe the eddying crowds of struggling soldiery, it is desirable to convey some clear idea of the plan of action which the Russians entertained.

The point of attack was originally intended to have been the position occupied by Lieutenant-General Sir Richard England. It was perilous in the judgment of that officer to weaken that post during the engagement, but he nevertheless contributed largely to the successful defence at Inkerman. General Soimonoff was to have passed stealthily along the west side of the ravine from Careening Bay, and to attack the British left, which was under the command of Sir Richard England. General Pauloff was to ascend from the Inkerman Valley, and to attack the right of the British, then under the command of General Pennefather (Sir de Lacy Evans being ill on board ship). During these movements a feigned attack was to be made at Kadikoi, the object of which was to engage the attention of General Bosquet so as to prevent his rendering any assistance to Sir de Lacy Evans' division. The

sortie from Sebastopol against the position of General England was that which was chiefly relied upon for inflicting defeat upon the British. This is not the view generally taken of the plan of attack, but this was really the idea of the Russian commander-in-chief. Dannenberg's corps d'armée had encamped at Tchorgoum on the 31st of October; Soimonoff entered Sebastopol with his division on the 3rd of November. Pauloff encamped before Balaklava with his division about the same time, and thus each division was in the right place, at the right time, for the execution of the intended project. According to the Russian accounts, Soimonoff commanded 16,000 men, and Pauloff very nearly as many. Thus powerful forces were arranged to act in combination on different points of attack, and these large bodies of men were so supplied with all the requisites of war that the most sanguine expectations were entertained as to the result. This plan was certainly never carried into execution, as the following will show, but nevertheless it was the scheme of operations really intended. The actual attack was altogether upon the British heights overlooking Inkerman. This discrepancy between the battle which the Russians actually fought, and that which their plan contemplated, is thus accounted for. General Soimonoff was represented as having mistaken the instructions of his chief, General Dannenberg, or at all events to have mistaken his way, for he advanced along the east instead of the west side of the ravine, and arrived on the same heights as those ascended by Pauloff's division. There is some proof that this assertion is true, for the British were greatly confused by finding that on both sides of their position the Russians fought up the ascent. This false step on the part of Soimonoff (assuming the Russian allegations to be correct) involved serious disadvantages—because so contracted was the ground upon which both bodies of the Russian army were precipitated, that Soimonoff and Pauloff were in the way of one another. There was no space for such vast numbers to deploy, and therefore the fire of the British Minié muskets and artillery made havoc unparalleled in the masses exposed to such a relentless fire. There was yet another feature in the grand plan of the Russian chief—a sortie from the south-west portion of Sebastopol. This was conducted by Major-General Timofieff, and began later in the morning, full four hours after the battle had begun on the eastern slopes. Those troops emerged at the gate of the bastion No. 6, and crossed the ravine of the Quarantine Bay, and approached the siege works of the French. According to the Russian account this sortie spiked fifteen French guns, and inflicted terrible loss of men and munitions of war; but it is acknowledged a retreat was necessary, which was very brilliantly conducted, many French prisoners being borne into Sebastopol by the retreating Russians. The plan of the Russian chief, it will be seen from these accounts, was brilliant in conception, however imperfectly carried out.

The general character of the battle, the details of which we are about to furnish, was one of the most obstinate valour. The Russians, infuriated by an invidious nationality, bigoted religious zeal, and large supplies of an intoxicating spirit, rushed madly on, charging with the bayonet. The British with the same weapon withstood the attack, and poured in deadly volleys of Minié rifle balls as the enemy advanced. It was a series of desperate individual conflicts. The notion that the charge of the bayonet is seldom if ever resisted was here confuted. The bayonet was the chief weapon of combat, and was used with desperate strength and determination. Assault and the repulse, retreat and rally, the crashing of long bayonet lines, and confused struggle of detached crowds of soldiery, mainly made up the chief portions of this huge fight. Men grappled hand to hand, scarcely recognising one another beneath the dense fog which spread its gloomy pall over the combatants. Mr. Russell says with much truth, in a small compass, "The battle of Inkerman admits of no description." It cannot be pencilled on a grand scale—it must be narrated as a series of fierce, bloody, and confused struggles, between bodies of men who scarcely fought under command, but fought by personal force and prowess to scale the height, or hurl from its summit the ascending foe. In the ravine—by the redoubt—on the slope—through the brushwood, men fought, irrespective of all leaders, with a tenacity and valour never surpassed—as if the gods contested the sovereignty of the world within the limits of Inkerman.

Having presented to our readers the way in which the battle commenced, and of the plan which the enemy had in view, we proceed to fill up the details. While the picket of the 55th regiment fell back fighting before the advancing foe, the alarm spread rapidly through the camp, and men flew to arms on every side. The brave picket fought with the greatest obstinacy, yielding only to overwhelming force. As they gradually gave way, the guns which the Russians had drawn to the foot of the hill during the night were rapidly advanced up the ascent, and were placed in position at the top, on the spot which the Russian sergeant, who had deserted, previously advised the British Quarter-Master-General to occupy. This warning had been in vain, and also one still more significant—for, at the battle of the Little Inkerman, it was at that spot the enemy planted their formidable artillery. Its occupation by strong batteries was destructive to the British, and mainly aided the foe in resisting the indomitable courage of our troops.

Early in the morning, Brigadier-General Codrington, of the light division, visited the outlying pickets of his own brigade. This was the general's usual habit, and this vigilant usage was very serviceable on the present critical occasion. Captain Prettyman, of the 33rd regiment, was on duty, and conversed for some minutes with the brigadier on the possibility of a sortie being attempted under favour of so gloomy a morning, and that the enemy would calculate upon the drizzling rain and soaking mist spoiling the fire-arms of the pickets. It was when the brigadier turned from this conversation, in the direction of the lines of his brigade, that the first sharp rattle of musketry between the 55th and the enemy commenced. The general galloped in the direction of the reports, and came to the conclusion at once that it was not a mere *allerte*, or even *sortie*, but an attack in force upon our flank, and upon the most vulnerable point of the position. While admitting that this post was imperfectly defended, and concurring in the censure which ought to rest upon those whose neglect left it so, it is necessary to correct the impression that there was no work to keep the enemy at bay. The eloquent correspondent of the *Times* is only partly correct in the following strictures:—"No one suspected for a moment that enormous masses of Russians were creeping up the rugged sides of the heights over the valley of Inkerman, on the undefended flank of the second division. There all was security and repose. Little did the slumbering troops in camp imagine that a subtle and indefatigable enemy was bringing into position an overwhelming artillery, ready to play upon their tents at the first glimpse of daylight. It must be observed that Sir de Lacy Evans had long been aware of the insecurity of this portion of our position, and had repeatedly pointed it out to those whose duty it was to guard against the dangers which threatened us. It was the only ground where we were exposed to surprise, for a number of ravines and unequal curves in the slope of the hill towards the valley led up to the crest and summit, against the adverse side of which our right flank was resting, without guns, entrenchments, abatis, or outlying defence of any kind. Everyone admitted the truth of the representations addressed to the authorities on this subject; but indolence, or a sense of false security, and an overweening confidence, led to indifference and procrastination. A battery was thrown up of sandbags, and gabions, and fascines, on the slope of the hill over Inkerman, on the east, but no guns were mounted there—for Sir de Lacy Evans thought that two guns in such a position, without any works to support them, would only invite attack and capture. In

the action of the 26th of October the enemy tried their strength on that every spot selected by them this morning; but it may now be considered that they merely made a *reconnaissance en force* on that occasion, and that they were waiting for reinforcements to assault the position where it was most vulnerable, and where they might speculate with some certainty on the effects of the surprise of a sleeping camp on a winter's morning. Although the arrangements of Sir de Lacy Evans on repulsing the sortie were, as Lord Raglan declared, "so perfect that they could not fail to ensure success," it was evident that a larger force than the Russians employed would have forced him to retire from his ground, or to fight a battle in defence of it, with the aid of the other divisions of the army; and yet nothing was done. No effort was made to entrench the lines, to cast up a single shovel of earth, to cut down the brushwood, or form an abatis. It was thought "not to be necessary." A heavy responsibility rests on those whose neglect enabled the enemy to attack us where we were least prepared for it, and whose indifference led them to despise precautions which, taken in time, might have saved us many valuable lives, and have trebled the loss of the enemy, had they been bold enough to have assaulted us behind entrenchments."

It is indubitably true that the representations of Sir de Lacy Evans were not attended to, nor his suggestions even properly discussed, although no officer in the Crimea had the slightest pretension to claim equal skill and experience in war with that general. It is questionable whether any general in the British army has rendered his country such varied and effective service as this man—whose heroism in the field, goodness in the camp, wisdom in the senate, and genius, constitute him one of the most remarkable men in our country and our age. It is not correct, however, that not "a shovel of earth was thrown up." Nor was the defence to which Mr. Russell refers as "a battery of gabions, and sandbags, and fascines," all together the fragile work which he describes it. The work was solidly constructed, and enabled the Guards to make a terrible and protracted defence with the Minié musket and the bayonet. Mr. Russell is in error in stating that nothing was done to make this defence efficient, for Sir de Lacy Evans, although he received no help for the purpose from head-quarters, set his men to the task; and as far as their enfeebled condition in health and numbers allowed, he employed them in giving a somewhat formidable character to this work. Mr. Woods asserts that the battery had no *banquette*, but officers who well knew it, aided in its construction, and fought in its defence, aver that, however imperfectly made (for the reasons already named), it was not wholly destitute of that advantage.

Mr. Russell's assertion that "no effort was made to entrench the lines, or throw up a single shovel of earth," is irreconcilable with the account of Colonel Hamley, who fought on the spot, and whose description we know, from other and still superior sources of information, to be correct: "The first division was posted about half a mile in rear of the second. On its right a narrow path descended the steep boundary of the plateau to the valley of the Tchernaya, crossing a ford of the stream between the ruins of Inkerman and the cluster of heights where part of Liprandi's force was posted. About a third of the way down a shoulder projected from the precipice like a terrace, and on this the French constructed a small redoubt, into which we put two guns, to fire down on the plain, and to sweep the terrace, and which was at first garrisoned by Guardsmen, but afterwards made over to the French. The latter had formed an almost continuous entrenchment from their great redoubt on the plateau above the Woronzoff Road to this point; and we had begun, on the 4th of November, to carry it onward round the face of the cliff opposite Inkerman, so as to include the front of the second division. But the work proceeded but slowly and interruptedly; and up to that time the ground, which had already been the scene of an attack, and was now again to become so, had only two small fragments of insignificant entrenchment, not a hundred yards long in all—and more like ordinary drains than field-works—one on each side of the road, as it crossed the ridge behind which the division was encamped. Amidst the many loose assertions and incorrect statements which have appeared in the public prints respecting the operations of the campaign, there is one frequently recurring error which deserves notice, as it is calculated to mislead military readers in forming their estimate of the different actions. Every species of entrenchment which appears on a position is talked of as a redoubt." At the Alma the English force has been repeatedly described as storming entrenchments, and the battery where the great struggle took place is always mentioned as 'the redoubt.' The two-gun battery, where the Guards fought at Inkerman, is also a 'redoubt,' and one writer describes it as equipped with 'a breastwork at least seven feet high.' A remarkable breastwork, certainly, since the defenders, to make use of it as such, must needs be about ten feet in stature! There were no entrenchments, nor any works intended as obstacles in the Russian position at the Alma. The only works of any kind were two long, low banks of earth, over which the guns fired—intended, not to prevent our advance, but to protect the guns and gunners from our fire." The battery at the Inkerman was a high wall of earth, riveted with gabions and sandbags, sloping at the extremities, and having two embrasures cut in it for the guns to fire through; from end to end it was about twelve paces long. Now, premising that field-works are said to be enclosed when they afford on all sides a defence against an enemy, and that, when they are so constructed, the defenders behind one face fire along the space in front of them, parallel to another face, the one is said to flank the other; a redoubt may be defined as an enclosed work without flank defence. It is either square, circular, or many-sided; and it is evident, to the least informed reader, that a continuous parapet and ditch, guarded from behind at all points by musketry, must be a formidable obstacle to assail, and must greatly increase the facilities of defence.

It is obvious that General Evans and the men of his division did all they could, with their strength and means to make their position secure, and that their exertions in this way materially contributed to obstruct the advance of the Russians in this battle. General Evans' division, under Major-General Pennefather, was first under arms, and offered the first resistance to the enemy. The division had been so reduced by battle, and labour, and sickness, that it scarcely numbered 1,500 men; but there was not in the whole army a body of men more trustworthy and gallant. Their discipline was perfect, and their confidence in their chief unbounded. They were not left to grapple alone with the foe for any long time, for Codrington had called out both brigades of the light division, and hastened to their relief.

The men of either division had not the slightest conception of the duty to which they were summoned, and they advanced carelessly and confidently, believing that it was one of the *allertes* so common in thick and clouded weather, or at most a *sortie*, and that the enemy would soon be driven in. On they came with their reckless and forward bearing, but were soon undeceived as to the character of the encounter before them; for through the thick mist the flashes of innumerable musketry played incessantly, and the uproar of the enemy's approach sounded strangely, as of the surging of rushing and rising waters bursting their bounds below, and spreading upwards in a resistless deluge. The Russian soldiers had been intoxicated by strong drink and bigotry for the occasion, and in the frenzy of this double inebriety they came no less regularly than was their wont, and with a confused but hurried and resolute tread, unlike that of the Russian infantry on ordinary occasions. They came up the slopes shrieking rather than shouting; it was not the voice of a gallant soldiery coming to the charge against a worthy foe, emulous of his fame and eager to win the laurel of the brave—it was a vindictive and drunken cry, a yell horrible to hear, the utterance of barbarous natures incited and goaded to a fierce and brutal onset. The light division moved to

the ravine on the left side of Shell Hill, and scarcely had they drawn up when a Russian column came against them. The brigade (Buller's) nearest to the column waited until it arrived within twenty yards, and then poured in a deadly volley. It was difficult to see the enemy in the mist, but the men fired low, almost every shot told, and before the Russians could deploy the lights charged with the bayonets, breaking the column into fragments, and driving the scattered groups headlong down the hill. It was a splendid charge, much like one of the old Peninsular feats, when the French came on close column, and the "thin red line," discharging its volley, instantly rushed forward with the bayonet before the enemy could form into line. Just as at Waterloo Picton's infantry received the French upon the left centre of the British line, dealing destruction among their columns at the moment when about to perform the manoeuvre of deploying, so was it with the light division in this charge at Inkerman. While these troops were routing the enemy in this manner, the second division had moved forward to the brow of the hill in front of their own position, and drew up on the spot most menaced, the old Simpheropol Road, which ascended to the camp from the vale of the Tchernaya. The whole plan of the enemy, or, at all events, that part of his plan which involved the assault of this position, was now revealed. The ground taken up by the second division was exposed to a raking fire of artillery from the summit of Shell Hill. It is difficult to say whether the action of artillery or infantry should be most noticed at this juncture: artillery officers always make the artillery conflict the battle, and the moments of closer combat as subsidiary to the operations of the thundering guns; while officers of the other arm mostly represent the battle as being fought by it, and the artillery or cavalry as only auxiliary forces which were employed when wanted. In this instance, the cannon from Shell Hill appeared to rage against the camp as if conscious of the conflict, and sharing in the fierce resentment of the Russian nation.

The roar of cannon, the volleys of musketry, and the yells of the intoxicated enemy, mingled in strange confusion with the tread of hosts and the clash of steel in the pit-like darkness through which the combatants sought one another. The 41st regiment, and six companies of the 49th, were dispatched to occupy the two-gun battery, already so frequently referred to. Three guns of Woodhouse's battery accompanied them, under the command of Major Hamley. The battery afforded the men good shelter from the cannon on Shell Hill, as they lay down under the parapet. The moment they sought and found this shelter, the enemy changed the range of their guns, and swept the position occupied by the rest of the second division. So dim was the morning that this operation, so unfortunate for the second division, could not have been the result of any special skill. While the guns from Shell Hill poured every description of death-dealing missile on the second division, that portion of it holding the two-gun battery was assailed by a fresh column of Russian infantry. They pressed forward, not with simultaneous shouts or cheers, but every man yelled as if under the influence of demoniacal possession; they rushed in their drunkenness and fury towards the battery—its defenders met them with a shower of Minié balls, which scathed the column through. The men of the two regiments spread themselves on either flank of the battery, as its construction and space did not admit of their ranging themselves advantageously within it. Their assault could hardly be fitly described as made with dash and spirit—they charged rather like madmen, ignorant of motive or aim, and actuated only by an infuriated and impulsive desire for destruction.

Probably this body of the enemy numbered 5,000 men. They came on in column, but so dense was the compact mass that the whole front seemed covered with it. It loomed through the fog as if a gigantic human machine, precipitated by an unseen hand against the post where it was resisted and broken. It is marvellous that the little band of Britons could have ventured to receive so vast a body, but the position was the key of the English line—at all events at that part of the day; the men knew this, they determined to hold it, and never was determination more gallantly sustained. Silently the British waited, and just as the awning multitude arrived within ten feet of the battery, a tremendous volley of Minié balls rang out from its embrasures and flanks, and 200 Russians lay dead before it. The enemy were appalled by the suddenness and destructiveness of this reception, and fell back, but after a short pause the front seemed to be pressed forward by the concourse in the rear, when, instead of flinging themselves headlong upon the battery (as Mr. Woods writes), trusting to their overwhelming numbers speedily to end the conflict, they opened a close fire for several minutes. The English fired each as fast as he could—no bullet missed; as if discharging their pieces into a vast wool pack, the bullets entered the dense mass of the Russian soldiery, every shot telling upon more than a single foe. It was impossible for the Russian or any soldiery to remain under such a fire. So coolly, closely, steadily, and yet rapidly and surely, was it dealt forth, that the enemy went down before it in multitudes. As fast as they fell in front others pressed forward, but their fire did not produce much effect upon the English, who fought under the protection of the battery, and with perfect steadiness. Goaded by the reproaches of their officers, the foe at last rushed forward, passing through the embrasures and over the banks. The scene of struggle was now in the inward space, and it was bayonet to bayonet and hand to hand. The British used the buttend of their muskets, bending down the Russian guard and smashing their bayonets. The suddenness with which the English, as if by a simultaneous impulse, resorted to this mode of combat, confused the Russians, and disconcerted their accustomed mode of handling their weapons. The enemy was driven out, or rather, we should say, seized with a sudden panic before the heroism they encountered, fled—for it was physically impossible for so small a band to drive back such a host.

The positions of the defenders at this moment were as follows:—The second division, under General Pennesfather, held the front. One brigade, consisting of the 41st, 47th, and 49th, under Brigadier Adams, was the most forward. The 30th, 35th and 90th, had supported them *en echelon*, until all became mixed in the confusion of the terrible *melee*, except the detachments holding the two-gun battery. To the left, nearest Sebastopol, General Sir George Cathcart's division took ground, consisting of the 20th, 21st North British Fusiliers, 48th, 57th, 63rd, and 68th. The general and his two brigadiers, Torrens and Goldie, were at their head. A portion of the light division, as already described, had early moved under Codrington to the assistance of the second division, and was followed by Sir George Brown, and so much of the remainder of the division as could be collected for the purpose. The Duke of Cambridge and the Guards came up upon the right of the second division (that farthest from Sebastopol). Sir Richard England, with a portion of his division, also moved up—a circumstance generally overlooked by writers upon the war. One writer describes him as being in reserve. There was no reserve at Inkerman—the troops came up as fast as they could, by brigades, battalions, or companies, and took the ground most important to occupy at the moment. Very early in the morning Sir Richard England's attention had been caught by sharp musketry three or four miles to his right, and, as he judged, from the position overlooking the ruins of Inkerman; and after providing for the security of his own front, where 1,200 men of the third division were already in the advanced trenches, he took the Royals and 50th, and some guns, to aid in repelling the attack. With these troops, and accompanied by his brigadier, Sir John Campbell, he joined the left of the light division.

Colonel Bell, himself a participator, thus describes the advance, position, and service of General England at this juncture:—"On the morning of the 6th of November, the moment we heard

the rattle of musketry on our right, Sir Richard England ordered his division under arms, and moved off without delay to the scene of action. We did not muster strong, because part of the division was on duty in the trenches, and a force left in front and to support our pickets. The force Sir Richard England took into the field was very judiciously disposed of, and prevented the enemy from making any further advance to turn the left of our defensive army. It was indeed a bold measure, drawing away the third division at all from its own ground. Here, as at Alma, Sir Richard England met the wishes of other general officers, and readily accorded that aid which was so needful; and although his division was not so much engaged in the field as others, it was entirely the chance of war, for the third division was placed in what was considered the most dangerous and exposed position in sitting down before Sebastopol."

The battle in and around the two-gun battery continued to rage, and the men of General Evans' division did all that men could do to resist the foe. The weight of the enemy's masses at length overpowered the defenders, and the Russians took possession of the battery in such strength that all hope of dislodging them seemed extinguished. At this moment the Guards advanced, and attempted this terrible task. They were led on by the Duke of Cambridge with skill and dauntless courage. They commenced their advance soon after the second division became warmly engaged, but it was some time before they could be brought into action, for the majority of them had only returned a few minutes before from the trenches, drenched with rain and nearly paralysed with cold, having been twenty-four hours on duty; 300 of them had been on picket; and all, the like men of the other divisions who hurried into the fight, were weary and fasting. The men, however, seemed eager to fall in and support their comrades already engaged with the ascending masses of the Muscovites. They arrived on the brow of the hill above the two-gun battery at the actual moment when the 41st and 49th had been driven out, and were falling back obstinately and slowly upon whatever support might be afforded to them. The bearing of the Guards was magnificent; the language might be applied to them—

"If the path be dangerous known,
The danger's self were lure alone."

The enemy were exulting in their victory with infuriated yells, which were soon lost in the bold cheer that rang out from the advancing lines of the Household Brigade. The Grenadier and Fusilier Guards charged with the utmost impetuosity, and the Russians, except the piles of their dead and dying, were literally swept from the two-gun battery and its vicinity. The Coldstreams, who arrived shortly after, took up position with the other battalions of their brigade, the whole of which only numbered the regulation strength of a battalion of the line on India service or in time of war. This fine battalion placed themselves in the centre of the battery, the Grenadiers taking their right and the Fusiliers their left. The baffled and repulsed Russians were soon pushed forward again before the advance of increasing numbers, and the battery was assaulted by assailants more numerous and fierce than before. Some relate that fresh draughts of *rakets* (a most intoxicating spirit) were supplied to them on the field, until the men ceased to be conscious of their real situation, but were inspired with additional strength to rush headlong to the assault. The battery was simultaneously stormed in front and on either flank by overwhelming numbers, and with intensified fury. Three times the parapets were scaled, and the enemy crowded into the long defended space—and so often were they driven back with appalling slaughter. Still fresh numbers pressed forward, and the brave band of defenders were surrounded—every man believing that all was lost, but determined to die rather than yield. So near were the contending parties that they fired into one another's breasts. A single shot into each wave of the enemy as it rolled up was all that each man in the line of defenders could get time to fire; it then became close bayonet work,* but the Russians literally clambered over the heaps of their slain countrymen to renew the sanguinary contest.

The height of the walls of the battery prevented our men from firing over, except in some spots—nearly the whole of the fire, therefore, was directed through the embrasures. The Russians, perceiving this, gathered close in under the battery, and throw the muskets and bayonets of their slain countrymen over the parapets, and also huge fragments of rock which plentifully covered the ground thereabouts. The Guardsmen proved themselves superior even in this rough practice—burling the missiles back again with more rapidity and energy. This queer contest lasted longer than might be supposed; more than ten minutes elapsed before the Russians put an end to it by another desperate charge through the embrasures. This was as furiously resisted, and even the embrasures became choked with the Russian dead. The body of the enemy opposed to the Guards equalled a British division of infantry in its full strength. These were increased so much by fresh masses directed on the spot, that the Guards could no longer hold the post. The pressure on either flank was so great that both Grenadiers and Fusiliers were pushed back behind the battery—the enemy at the same moment assailing the uncovered flanks of the work, and pouring in upon the Coldstreams in multitudes. The Guards were now surrounded, while the dense fog prevented their seeing anything but the gigantic mass of foes lurking through the haze around them. The same cause prevented their desperate situation from being seen by any who could give them help—if there were any not themselves at the moment so dangerously engaged as to allow them extending succour to their comrades. In this terrible conjuncture the word was passed, "Keep firm on the colours!" and a contest, the most bloody in the history of any field, commenced.

Notice has been already taken of the fact that the first three guns which came into action were under the command of Major Hamley. This officer gives the most graphic and minute account extant, of what he calls the "duel of artillery" which then took place, which awoke the echoes of the mist-clad hills, and uttered in thunder the defiance of contending hosts:—

"Townsend's battery of the fourth division had arrived at the left of the position during one of the rushes made by the enemy. Four of the guns were taken almost as soon as they were unlimbered, the Russians being close to them in the coppie, unaware; but some of the 88th and 49th retook them before they had been many seconds in the enemy's hands. Four guns had been detached early in the battle to support this brigade, but they were met, whenever they came into action by so heavy a fire, that they were compelled to remain inactive, for the most part, under shelter of a large mound of earth. When the Russian infantry was driven back, a cannonade recommenced along their whole line, to which our guns replied warmly, though overmatched in metal and numbers. The Russians were computed to have sixty pieces, of which many were guns of position, while we had six 9-pounder batteries of six guns each; but our gunners continued the fire with admirable steadiness.

The duel of artillery was at its height—there was not a moment when the shot was not rushing or shells exploding among the

* Mr. Russell represents the antagonism of infantry with the bayonet as unknown before Inkerman, except at Malda. This assertion, made by many others before Mr. Russell, is, however, a mistake; repeatedly, in the war of the Peninsula, the French crossed bayonets with our men, not only in resisting their entrance by the breaches of fortresses, but in the open field. By consulting Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*, the reader will find in ten es. The Sikhs crossed bayonets, not only with the Sepoy, but with the British infantry. Bayonet charges also occurred between the French and Bavarians, and the French and Austrians, in the late wars. In none of all these, however, was so protracted and sanguinary a contest maintained, and never before did the decision of a battle depend so much upon a series of close and murderous bayonet struggles.

guns, men and horses going down before them. Grapes shot, to occasionally showered past, from which it would appear that the Russians had brought some iron guns into position—grapes fired from brass pieces would destroy the bore, from the softness of the metal. The ships in the harbour, and the battery at the Round Tower, also threw shot and shell on to the ships. This cannonade was the preface to another infantry attack, which now threatened our right, and a battery was ordered to the flank. While I was delivering this order a round-shot passed through my horse, close to the saddle, and rolled as over."

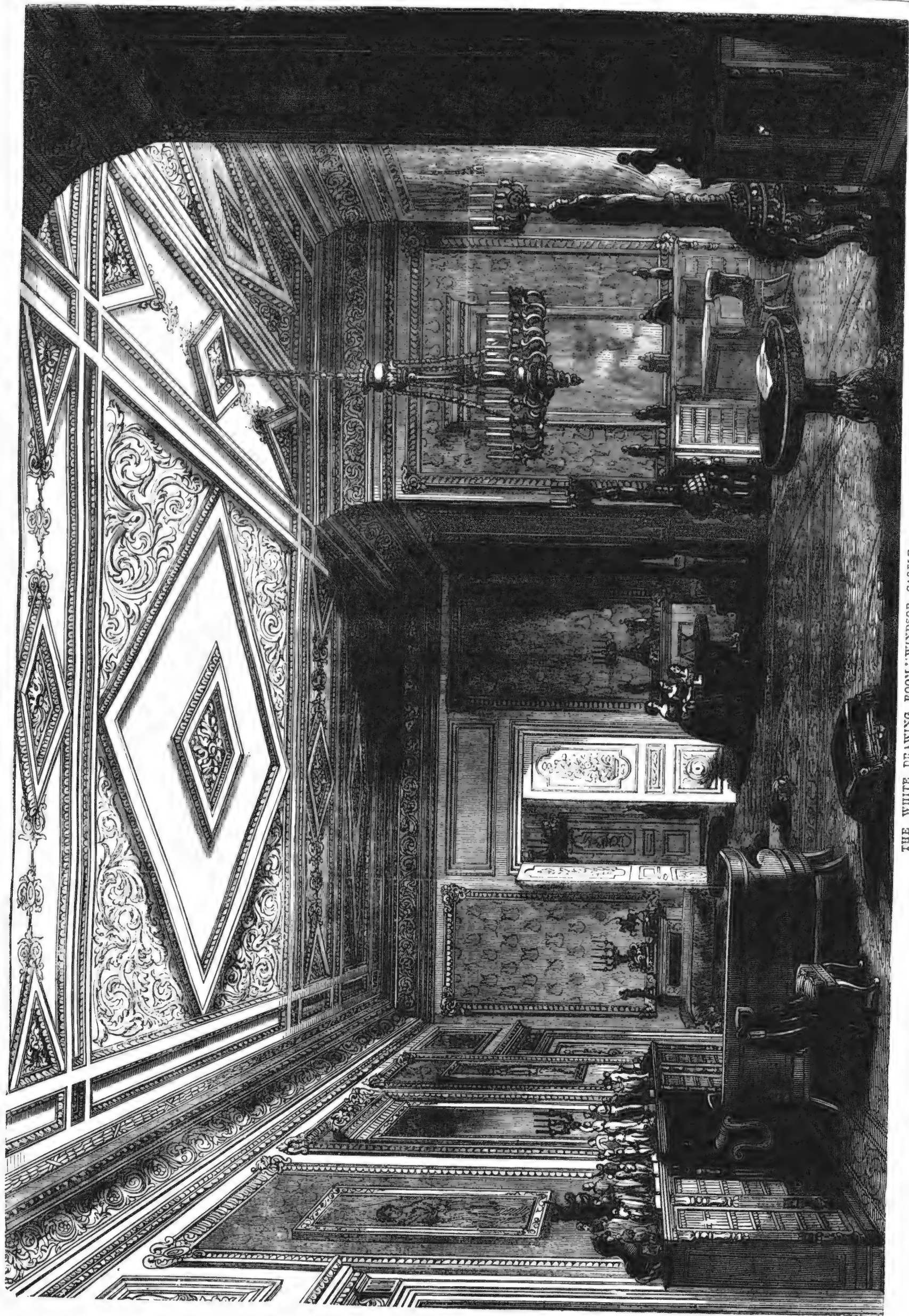
It was nearly eight o'clock before Lord Raglan arrived upon the ground. His lordship and staff appeared filled with profound anxiety, as soon as they were able to obtain some glimpses of the state of the field: this was difficult for the fog still continued and rolled over the English position as if in successive waves. All the British troops that were engaged at any time through the day had arrived at their respective posts by that time. They had literally crowded along from their tents to the scene of conflict: some came without ammunition, some with a round or two; others with their Minié muskets wet and unserviceable; a few were without shoes, and most had on their great coats, which incumbered them, and sometimes made it difficult for the artillery to distinguish them from their enemies. Lord Raglan placed himself at the rear of the second division, and was witness to the singular heroism of General Evans, who, from his sick-bed on board ship at Balaklava, went forth on hearing the first sounds of battle, and placed himself at the head of his division. Ever generous as brave, he refused to deprive his second in command, Major-General Pennesfather, of the honour of heading the division before the enemy; but riding about with him as if he was his aide-de-camp, afforded that officer counsel from the ample stores of his experience, and encouragement from his dauntless and hopeful spirit. The conduct of General Evans on this occasion was such as will not only give to his name one of the brightest places in the rolls of British military glory, but also cause it to be one of those to which history points all nations, when holding up the example of the brave and generous of whatever realm. Colonel Hamley pays this tribute to the bearing of the general:—"During the battle, Sir de Lucy Evans, who had been sick on board ship at Balaklava, rode up to the field with his aide-de-camp, Boyle, and, calling upon me by name began to question me about the battle. He looked extremely ill, but was as cool and intrepid as he always is in action. While I was speaking to him, a shell, crashing through some obstacles close by, rose from the ground, passed a foot or two above our heads, and dropping amid a group a few yards behind us, exploded there, wounding some of them—but Sir de Lucy did not turn his head."

Lord Raglan remained near the second division, which was the post of danger, during the remainder of the day, where his person was exposed to the hottest fire. The adjutant and quartermaster-generals, and the commander-in-chief of the artillery, were with him when he arrived on the ground. It soon became obvious to these officers that the day was going against the British—their numbers were diminishing rapidly, while the Russians poured up through the fog as if they were demons of the mist, and their numbers were exhaustless. At this hour the Guards, reinforced by two regiments of the fourth division, and supplied with ammunition, charged the two-gun battery, of which the enemy had kept possession since the Guards had been compelled to retire. The Russians, awed by their determined approach, fled from the work, followed by the fire of the 20th and 41st regiments. The 41st entered the enclosure, the 20th guarded the flank, and the Guards fell back upon the old Simpheropol Road, to prevent the Russians from getting up that way, and falling upon the rear of the battery. As soon as the Guards effected this retrograde movement—which could not have been observed from the veil of cloud which hung over it—the Russians, as if moved upon the old spot by some terrible instinct, again rushed up the ascent, and fell upon the battery, coming round the opposite flank; their artillery poured a deluge of shot, shell, and case upon the spot, and the 41st staggered back, amazed and broken by the ruthless fire. The enemy again entered, to be as promptly once more expelled; for the two regiments instantly reforming, charged with the bayonet and drove them out. The battery was now like a slaughter-house—its interior choked with dead and trampled men, and others lying across the embrasures; the embankments everywhere stained with blood, and the slain and the dying, quivering in their last convulsive throes, strewn thickly around.

Such was the scene on the right of the short line of defence which the British had formed. At its centre the fight raged only with a little less fury. The Guards defended the old Simpheropol Road; lower down, and amongst the thick jungle of brushwood, the Russians maintained a bloody warfare with the 47th, 49th, 55th, 77th, and 88th regiments. A close musketry fire, followed by immediate concussions of the scattered groups, characterised the combat. The British fought by desultory charges, and a still more desultory fire: every man was a hero, and struggled as if England trusted to his arm alone. The battle of Inkerman has been called a soldiers' battle: it was as much an officers' battle, only that the officers fought like private soldiers—like them grappling hand to hand with the enemy, and never did the example of British officers so stimulate their men as on the declivities of Inkerman. The soldiery regarded with the highest admiration the chivalry of their officers, and gloriously emulated it.

The masses of the enemy were at last rolled down from the vicinity of the Simpheropol Road, and as they fell back, showers of Minié and musket-balls crashed through their dense columns. They were repulsed with a slaughter which astonished their victors—they fell in bodies of men, as if mowed down, by the close and steadily directed fire of the English. Relieved from the infantry in their front, the wearied men rested on their arms, but death gave them short respite, for the artillery of the enemy swept their positions, carrying destruction with every discharge. It was impossible to allow the British to fall back, for the enemy below were preparing for another onset; some lay down, but the Russian shot tore through the brushwood, and bounded among the scattered ranks. At this instant, a louder roar of artillery was heard behind—the Russian guns opened upon the French siege-works, preparatory to the sortie already noticed as part of Menschikoff's plan of operations. The roar of cannon was then followed by volleys of musketry, and the sortie was made. It was repulsed so promptly, that had the French sufficient force they could have entered Sebastopol with the flying foe. A portion of the French did penetrate Sebastopol, but being unsupported, could effect little, and some were made captives. General Lomax fell. They dispatched officers to General Bosquet for support just as Lord Raglan's aide-de-camp also reached that general with a similar request. He, however, could not accord it to either. Liprandi manoeuvred in the plain below, occupying the attention of Sir Colin Campbell at Balaklava, and of Bosquet in his fortified position. Had Liprandi manoeuvred better, the fate of the day had probably turned for the double-headed eagle, and two fine armies would have been his prey; but it soon became clear to the intelligent glance of Bosquet that Liprandi was only engaged in a feint, to prevent his dispatching assistance elsewhere. As soon as he became convinced that no attack would be made upon the rear by that general, Bosquet, with dispatch and judgment, sent assistance to the British, by whom it was then alone and urgently needed. Before this decisive event could influence the fortunes of the day, those fortunes were to remain chequered, and attended by many an incident such as gives to war its gloom and terror. General Strangways, esteemed by the whole army, was struck in the thigh by the splinter of a shell which fell among Lord Raglan's staff. The shell burst in the horse of Captain Raglan Somerset, and sent off splinters in every direction, killing the charger of Colonel

(Continued on page 750.)



THE WHITE DRAWING ROOM, WINDSOR CASTLE.

WHAT IS THE POPE ABOUT?

Is the Pope upon the point of abandoning his field—perhaps surrendering—that he has lately called an Ecumenical Council of all his bishops and archbishops, and in an apostolic letter addressed to all non-Romish religious organizations urges them to return to the bosom of the Church? Does the military maxim which has been so often proved in conflicts of arms hold good in religious revolutions also? Is there confusion and not wisdom in a multitude of religious as well as military counsellors? Does this calling of a council, and the sudden change of the former curass and excommunications to entreaties and arguments indicate that the Pope is about to abandon the field and give up the fight?

Certainly the Pope has lately met with many sad reverses, and is no longer in condition to make a vigorous defence of his Church against the assaults continually urged against both its spiritual and temporal authority. The restrictions placed on the latter by the success of the Germans and Italians have not been more exasperating or more significant than the curtailment of the former by the advancement made in general intelligence by the various nationalities of Europe.

The present year has witnessed a most striking indication of the changed power of the Church of Rome. The revocation of the Concordat with Austria and the revolution in Spain are the hardest blows the Papacy has suffered during the century. If there were any two countries in which the Pope and his adherents and the world in general supposed that the Roman Church retained its power they were Austria and Spain. But it appears that even in these countries the Church has little power over the consciences of the people, and inspires no terror in the minds of the ruling monarchs. A few months ago the newly-elected Parliament of Austria passed laws giving the Protestants the right to control their own schools and to teach their children whatever form of religion they pleased; allowing children of Catholic mothers by Protestant fathers to be reared in the Protestant faith, granting to Protestants the privilege of marrying according to their own forms and ceremonies without having their children pronounced illegitimate and debarred from all legal benefits, and finally permitting non-Catholic Christians to be enclosed in unblest coffins and interred in unanctified ground without being eternally condemned in consequence.

The Pope solemnly protested against this dangerous innovation, and called upon the Emperor and the faithful to hold fast to the Concordat which had from time immemorial given the education and salvation and perdition of all souls to the Church. But the newly-selected Imperial Council approved what the new Parliament fresh from the people had enacted, and the bold and sturdy Prime Minister, Von Beust, said to the Emperor, "Sign!" And Francis Joseph signed, and in reply to the Pope's protest shrugged his shoulders and said, "I had to sign or abdicate, and I did not choose to abdicate." The sturdy Beust also replied to the Pope's letter, and briefly but plainly told Pius IX. that he was meddling in affairs that did not concern him. Meantime, just across the Austrian border, in the city of Worms, another reply to the protest of the Pope had been prepared; and on the very day of the publication of his complaint the Protestants of all Germany, headed by their king, dedicated a magnificent monument to Martin Luther on the spot where just three hundred and fifty-seven years before he had defied Pope and priesthood, and had set in motion the vast and increasing Protestant reformation.

The present revolution in Spain seems to indicate that the respect for Pope and Church, and priesthood is not the blind spirit of reverence which Buckle thought "the capital and essential vice of the Spanish people." It may have been, as the Historian of Civilization declared, "their sole national vice," but it has not, as he feared, quite yet "sufficed to ruin them." Like the people of many other nations the Spaniards have suffered intellectually from priestly influence; but they have not, as the late revolution has shown, been so broken in spirit as to accept without murmur an unworthy and ignominious submission. No more significant sign of the Spanish virtue, or more threatening to the Roman supremacy, has yet appeared than the banners carried in the procession at Madrid on October 3 at the reception of the revolutionist leaders, inscribed "Religious Liberty" and "Free Education." Queen Isabella and her whole race in Spain and France have ever been faithful children of Rome. She has frequently protected her spiritual allegiance to the Pope, and often offered to send troops to the defence of Rome when she could hardly have mustered a loyal squad to defend her own person. Her vehement protestations and offers of aid were made to propitiate France and the rest of Catholic Europe. She could send no troops to the Pope for reason that the Spaniards refuse to serve in the Papal army. That little squad of ten thousand men is almost wholly composed of Swiss, Austrians, and Frenchmen. There is one Italian battalion, but no German or Spanish organization of any character.

The Pope's firmest foothold seems to be in South America; and should the cry of "United Italy" be once more inspired by the Republican movement in Spain, the Holy Father may yet turn longingly to the scene of his early labours as a Dominican friar in Brazil. But, alas! one of the most vigorous of the allies of Brazil has just chosen a former schoolmaster and editor to be its President. And what has the Pope to hope from a continent of republics, schoolmasters, and editors?

THE HEALTH OF LONDON.

It appears from the return issued by authority of the Registrar-General that in the week that ended on Saturday, 7th of November, 4,251 births and 2,977 deaths were registered in London and in thirteen other large towns of the United Kingdom. The annual rate of mortality was 24 per 1,000 persons living. The annual rate of mortality last week was 23 per 1,000 in London, 27 in Edinburgh, and 22 in Dublin; 16 in Bristol, 21 in Birmingham, 25 in Liverpool, 25 in Manchester, 29 in Salford, 22 in Sheffield, 31 in Bradford, 27 in Leeds, 25 in Hull, 27 in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and 29 in Glasgow. In London the births of 1,063 boys and 1,082 girls, in all, 2,145 children, were registered in the week. In the corresponding weeks of ten years 1858-67 the average num-

ber of Kentish-town, 3 in the sub-district of St. Giles north, 4 in the sub-district of St. Andrew Eastern Holborn, 3 in the sub-district of St. James Clerkenwell, 3 in the sub-district of St. Leonard Shoreditch, 3 in the sub-district of the Green Bethnal-green, 6 in the sub-district of Mile-end Old-town East, 3 in the sub-district of Kennington first part, and 3 in the sub-district of Kennington second part. One hundred and seventy-six deaths occurred from phthisis, 163 from bronchitis, and 88 from pneumonia. Diseases of the brain and nervous system proved fatal to 126 persons, and 61 persons died from diseases of the organs of circulation. The deaths of 3 persons from intemperance, of 2 persons from delirium tremens, of 4 infants and one adult from syphilis, of 5 children from burns or scalds, of 2 persons from drowning, of 7 infants from suffocation, of 5 persons who committed suicide, and of 3 persons who were killed by horses or carriages in the streets were registered. A tailor, aged 52 years, was found dead in her cell at the House of Correction, Westminster, on 29th October; her death was caused by "syncope from destitution."

ELECTION NOMINATIONS.

DEVONSHIRE.—The arrangements for carrying out the elections in the three divisions of the county will be as follows:—North Devon will be proclaimed on Thursday, the 12th; the nomination will take place on Monday, the 16th; the polling on Thursday, the 19th; and the declaration of the poll on Saturday, the 21st. East Devon will be proclaimed on Friday, the 13th; the nomination will follow on Friday, the 20th; the polling on Monday, the 23rd; and the declaration of the poll on Wednesday, the 25th. South Devon will be proclaimed on the same day as East—Friday, the 13th; the nomination will be on Tuesday, the 24th; the polling on Friday, the 27th; and the poll will be declared on Monday, the 30th.

EAST CHESHIRE.—The nomination is fixed for Saturday, the 21st instant, and the polling for the following Tuesday, the 24th.

MID CHESHIRE.—The nomination will take place at Knutsford, at half-past ten o'clock, on Thursday, the 19th instant, and the polling on Monday, the 23rd.

MANCHESTER.—If the writs be issued on the evening of the 11th and that for this city arrive here on the morning of the 12th instant, the nomination will take place on Monday the 16th instant, and the polling on Tuesday, the 17th.

SALFORD.—The day has not been fixed for this borough, but the nomination will not take place on the same day as in Manchester. —Manchester Guardian.

GREGORY OF TOURS.

GEORGE FLORENCE GREGORY, commonly known by the name of "Gregory of Tours," was born about the year 544. His family was noble and had a high position in Auvergne. He was nephew to Gallus, Bishop of Clermont, who took care of his education, and brought him up for the ecclesiastical profession. In 573 he was consecrated Bishop of Tours. He afterwards distinguished himself at several councils, and was famous for his firmness and courage in denouncing the crimes of princes. When in 577 Chilperic, as the ruler of France, assembled 45 bishops in order to terrify them into an unjust condemnation of the Bishop of Rouen, Gregory, by his fortitude and eloquence, sustained the courage of the bishops. He was as invulnerable to the seductions of the court as he was to its power. Finally, the Bishop of Rouen was assassinated by command of the wife of Chilperic. Gregory having attained great fame for the purity of his life and the heroism of his conduct, died

at Rome in 595. He has been called the Father of French Historians, although nothing of importance was written by him except an account of the early Merovingian kings. His style is coarse and ungrammatical, and the tone is severe and censorious. The illustration represents him in the act of giving alms; he was as kind to the poor as he was stern to kings, and he especially favoured the devotional poor, for he was sincere and superstitious. His memory is treasured in France, and especially among ecclesiastics.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AT COMPIEGNE.

WHEN the Emperor, the Empress, and the Prince Imperial arrived at Compiègne on Thursday night had already closed in. At the station M. Chevreau, prefect of the department, General de la Martinière, and the municipal functionaries, were in attendance. Their Majesties entered a landau drawn by four horses, and proceeded to the palace, escorted by a party of Cent-Guards and Carbineers. The Prince was seated by the side of General Lepic, with his back to the horses. Other carriages completed the cortege. Frequent shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" "Vive l'Impératrice!" "Vive le Prince Imperial!" were raised along the way. Their Majesties on arriving were greeted by the band with the air of "Partant pour la Syrie," and the drums beat a salute. The crowd continued about the gates for several hours afterwards.



GREGORY OF TOURS DISTRIBUTING ALMS.

ber, corrected for increase of population, is 2,146. The deaths registered in London during the week were 1,387. It was the forty-fifth week of the year; and the average number of deaths for that week is, with a correction for increase of population, 1,421. The deaths in the present return are less by 34 than the estimated amount, and are less by 134 than the number recorded in the preceding week. The deaths from zymotic diseases were 345, the corrected average number being 348. Thirty-two deaths from measles, 119 from scarlatina, 8 from diphtheria, 28 from whooping-cough, 54 from fever, and 19 from diarrhoea were registered. Only one death occurred from small-pox. The wife of a silk weaver, aged 53 years, died on the 26th of October, at 23, Sheep-lane, Hackney, of "choleraic diarrhoea." The mortality from scarlatina exhibits no sign of abatement. In the week which ended 19th of September 74 deaths were recorded, and in the seven following weeks the numbers were 101, 99, 109, 124, 105, 109, 119. Of the total 119 deaths registered last week, 72 were those of children under five years of age, 40 of children above 5 and under 15 years of age, and 7 of persons aged 15 years and upwards. Ten cases were registered in the sub-district of Kensington-town, 3 in the sub-district of Chelsea south, 3 in the sub-district of Chelsea north-west, 3 in the sub-district of Chelsea north-east, 4 in the sub-district of Belgrave, 3 in the sub-district of St. John Westminster, 3 in the sub-district of Regent's-park, 4 in the sub-district

THE BATTLE OF INKERMAN.

(Continued from page 747.)

Gordon, and wounding several men and horses. He mildly requested to be lifted from his horse, and they laid him upon the dark heath. Surgical aid was prompt, but all assistance was in vain—he languished an hour and died, as true a hero as ever breathed out life upon the field of war. Lord Raglan's attention was now called to the fact, that the Russian guns of position over-matched our field-batteries, and he immediately ordered up two iron guns, powerful 18-pounders, which were a match for Russian guns of far heavier metal. They were siege guns, and the only cannon of that description not actually fixed in the trenches. It is marvellous that his lordship did not issue this order as soon as he arrived on the field, for the overpowering weight of the Russian artillery was then as obvious as when the order was sent. Colonel Gambier, who commanded the siege artillery, brought up the guns with alacrity—but in doing so was wounded, and compelled to retire from the field. The command then devolved upon an officer every way equal to the task, Lieutenant-Colonel Dickson. He at once saw the importance of silencing the enemy's guns on Shell Hill, the fire from which had covered the repeated advances of the Russian columns from the commencement of the battle. Colonel Dickson so brought his guns into position as to attack Shell Hill effectually, where they swept the artillerymen from the Russian cannon, and checked their fire.

While this judicious arrangement was proceeding, the columns of the enemy, which had been repulsed from the two-gun battery and the front of the old Simpheropol Road, were reinforced and again in motion, and this time they mounted the heights with a quickness of step at variance with the usual motion of Russian soldiers advancing to attack, which is slower than that of the English and French in similar circumstances. Speedily the enemy's compact columns rushed up to the points of attack, so often and so ingloriously attempted by them throughout the morning. They advanced with a resolute mien, as if determined to accomplish their object or perish in the effort, and as confidently as if inferior numbers of the defenders had not so frequently repulsed their own confident predecessors.

At every step the fallen, who had before clambered these steepes against British ball and steel, intercepted the advance of the new columns of attack—yet on they came, and with more apparent self-reliance than ever. It was afterwards alleged that this resolution was inspired by the presence of the Imperial dukes, who accompanied them to the foot of the hill, and whom many of the soldiers believed to be in actual command. All the sacredness with which a Russian invests the czar now animated them: their holy Russia was represented in the field by the sons of her sacred chief; they must as true Russians die for the czar; the glory of conquering in the presence of his children, even at the expense of life, was the highest they could hope to attain on earth, and would open the gate of heaven. The column which was directed upon the two-gun battery—that centre of a narrow and sanguinary circle of destruction—drove out the 41st as a strong torrent sweeps away the branch that has fallen across its course; it was the resistance of a regiment to an army corps. Yet the gallant 41st fought fiercely as they retired, the officers sacrificing themselves to save and to encourage the men. The brave Colonel Carpenter and five of his officers fell in front of some fifty of the men on the fatal spot. The efforts of the British to retake the post were again bold and prompt. The Guards advanced from the position to which they had fallen back, and charged down the hill. Sir George Cathcart considered the most effectual mode of retaking the post was to descend into the ravine upon its right, and make a flank and rear attack. Several officers informed Sir George that if he descended into the ravine he must be lost, with any force which he could take with him, for the Russians had lined both sides of it in anticipation of any attempt on the part of the British to take advantage of its shelter. Sir George was one of the rashest officers, as well as one of the most forward and spirited in the English army; he, in keeping with his temperament, did not listen to the entreaties of these officers, but dashed precipitately into the ravine, followed by a mere handful of men. It consisted of four companies of the 68th regiment, and 150 men of the 20th and 46th. He also desired to take the Guards with him, but General Bentinck wisely led them down the slope. Sir George had scarcely left his position, and got fairly into the ravine, when he perceived that he was surrounded; he then sought to retrace his steps, but in vain; the foe lined either ridge, and poured down their fire into the small band, who were thus sacrificed to their commander's precipitancy. Sir George himself paid the heaviest penalty which error can exact, except the loss of honour—he was shot through the heart. As he fell, his intimate friend and aide-de-camp, Colonel Charles Seymour, rushed forward to assist him, and fell wounded by his side. Major Wynne and Lieutenant Barker shared their fate. The Russians, closing upon them, bayoneted the fallen repeatedly, lest the smallest chance of life should remain. We were at war with assassins, not soldiers.

The action soon closed along the line by the retreat of the Russians, and the wearied British stood victors on the ensanguined field.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA.—The following important remarks are from the *Athenæum*:—"The decided improvement in Miss Hauck's singing at her second impersonation of 'Amina' may be attributed in some measure to a lessening of nervousness. But the chief cause of her greater success was unquestionably the judicious lowering of her principal airs. On the first night she fairly broke down in the final *rondo*; on the second, when it was transposed half a note lower, this outpouring of recovered joy became the most striking feature in her performance. After all, the transposition only made the *rondo* as sung here what it would be if sung in its original key abroad. It is high time that the pitch of our orchestras should be assimilated to the normal diapason adopted in France. The human voice, the most delicate, the rarest, and the most precious of all instruments, has been too long sacrificed to the false brilliancy attained by perpetually forcing up the pitch. This is now half a tone higher than that of most foreign orchestras, and a whole tone higher than it was in the time of Gluck. But if such an abnormal strain be bad for native vocalists, how much worse must it be for the foreigners who, after singing everywhere for eight or ten months at a certain diapason, are suddenly compelled to raise the pitch during their stay in London. The change tries the most gifted, as anybody must know who has observed how much better Madame Patti and Mlle. Nilsson sing after they have become accustomed for a few days to our orchestras. But if it tries young singers with exceptionally high voices, it kills those who are past their first youth and who have lost their early strength. Hence the hopeless failure in London of many who have justly acquired good reputations abroad. It is hardly necessary to add, that to transpose isolated airs is to ally one evil by another; the substitution of closed for open notes, for instance, not only increasing the player's difficulties, but also affecting the composer's design."

THE Italian Opera House is at present very attractive. Miss Minnie Hauck, an American actress, is winning for herself a great reputation. Her Amina in "Sonnambula" was well sustained a short time since, and more lately her part of Zerlina in "Don Giovanni"; but on Tuesday night she entered upon a more ambitious task, that of representing Marguerite in "Faust." She captivated her audience, and after one of her songs was recalled by

the unanimous voice of the house. The Faust was Signor Bulterini, who appeared for the first time here since his debut as the Duke in "Rigoletto," at Her Majesty's Opera, in July last. This gentleman has a tenor voice of resonant quality, and of ample power even with less effort than he sometimes employs. In the opening duet with Mephistopheles, in his air "Salve! dimora," and in some portions of the quartet in the garden scene, he produced considerable effect, and gained much applause by his phrasing of certain passages—his delivery of others being somewhat marred by an excess of intonation. Mr. Santley's Valentin has long been a special feature in the performance of this opera by Mr. Mapleson's company, and it had lost none of its impressiveness last night. The graceful song in the second act (borrowed from the instrumental introduction to the opera, and added by M. Gounod expressly for Mr. Santley), and Valentin's share in the duet trio, being again made conspicuous by this artist's excellent singing. Signor Foli, whose Mephistopheles is one of those creditable performances by which this painstaking singer proves his general efficiency and value, received considerable applause for his energetic delivery of the song, "Dio dell'or," and the mocking serenade. Mlle. Sandrina was a graceful Siebel, and sang the romanza, "Parlalele d'amor," with much expression. The cast included, as on former occasions, Mlle. Bauermeister as Martha, and Signor Tagliafico as Wagner. The Kermesse and Cathedral scenes were presented with all that effective stage arrangement and grouping peculiar to this theatre; and the choruses were given with excellent effect. That of the soldiers in the fourth act having been encored.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Mr. Manns arranged that the "Rhenish" Symphony of Schumann should be followed by Haydn's "Surprise." It would scarcely be possible to find two specimens of one class of composition which should have so little in common. One is all brightness and geniality, full of spontaneous melody, simple in its perfect science, learned in its easy simplicity; the other laboured and involved, its frank themes spoiled by over solicitude, its intellectual thoughtfulness brought to no account by fidgety clumsiness in the conduct of its musical subjects. In the one case, a thoroughly-trained musician—of inexhaustible natural invention—having no higher ambition than to make music which should give as much delight to the listener as it must certainly have given to the maker, puts down thoughts which fall into form as they flow on; in the other a highly-educated man, fired by an ambition to rival the latest works of Beethoven, mistakes intense appreciation of the genius of others for actual possession of the sacred fire, and endeavours to put into music ideas and conceptions which will not bear musical expression.

DEATH OF MISS TRISSY MARSTON.—This promising actress expired on the 4th instant, at the residence of her parents, Wells-street, Gray's-inn-road, in the 17th year of her age, from an attack of gastric fever, upon which typhus supervened. Beatrice is the fifth of the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Marston whom they have lost in a similar melancholy manner.

THE roof has been placed upon the new Gaiety Theatre. The house will be opened on the 21st of December. The opening programme will be composed of a drama, the name of which has not yet been settled, a burlesque, by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, on the subject of "Robert le Diable," and a version by Mr. A. Preckett, of the comic opera "Les Deux Arlequins."

"TWO LOVES AND A LIFE," a drama, by Messrs. Charles Reade and Tom Taylor, has been revived at Sadler's Wells Theatre, Miss Hazlewood playing the part of the heroine.

A BURLESQUE upon the play of "The Stranger" was produced last week at the Queen's Theatre. It is from the pen of Mr. R. Reece, author of many similar productions, and is entitled "The Stranger Stranger than Ever."

Mrs. LOVELL's play "The Wife's Secret," will shortly be produced at the Surrey Theatre. A new drama, entitled "The Yellow Passport," is brought out at the Olympia, and a new ballet at Drury-lane.

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

SPAIN.

THE Spanish Junta has seized the property of the Jesuits and declared the order abolished. Recent French advices state that an attempt has been made to assassinate General Prim. Senor Rosas de Olana has been appointed Captain-General of Cuba. General Dulce, who was appointed Captain-General of Cuba by the Spanish authorities, has declined on account of ill health.

General Prim has received the title of Marshal of Spain. General Dulce has been made Duke of Madrid. A deputation of Cubans have held consultations with the Central Junta. They have agreed to measures providing for the gradual abolition of slavery. The Republicans have commenced an agitation in Barcelona. They protest against the acts of Generals Prim and Serrano. General Serrano has made a speech at Saragossa promising that the Provisional Junta at Madrid would resign on the meeting of the Cortes.

Five hundred and sixteen ladies of Madrid have presented an address to the President of the Council, requesting the preservation of the churches which have been ordered to be pulled down, and also the maintenance of other religious establishments.

Telegrams from Spain state that General Prim has been confirmed in his rank as commander-in-chief of the army, and that he has issued a circular prohibiting the soldiers from taking part, whether individually or collectively, in political movements.

THE NEW ELECTORAL LAW IN SPAIN.—The electoral law has been promulgated. Every citizen of twenty-five years, who is not deprived of his political rights, is entitled to vote for the election of town councillors, provincial deputies, and deputies to the Constituent Cortes. The general elections will be by provinces. Provinces where not more than six deputies are to be elected will be divided into two circumscriptions; where over six and not more than ten are to be elected, into three circumscriptions; and where there are more than ten deputies, the province will be divided into electoral districts of 45,000 inhabitants. The voting will last three days, and the electoral lists will be made out between the 15th and the 25th inst. There will be 350 deputies in the Cortes. A special decree, indicating the manner in which the elections are to be conducted in the Spanish possessions, will shortly be published.

FRANCE.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in Paris for the erection of a monument in the cemetery of Montmartre to M. Baudin, a member of the French Chamber, who was shot during the *Coup d'Etat* in 1851. It is now announced that several French newspapers, including the *Avenir National*, have been seized for publishing lists of subscriptions for this purpose in their columns.

ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE IN THE PACIFIC.—A shock of earthquake has occurred at Victoria, Vancouver's Island. It occasioned much consternation, but little damage. At the close of October a fourth tidal wave visited the Sandwich Islands on the Island of Hawaii; it swept away a large number of dwellings. At Hilo repeated vibrations of earthquake have been felt.

DISCOVERY OF A CONSPIRACY IN PALERMO.—The police have discovered a fully organised reactionary committee, and seized proclamations advocating Sicilian autonomy. One individual who was arrested declared that the intention of the conspirators was to have claimed the protection of the English squadron.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.—The conferences on the subject of a new postal treaty between England and the North German Confederation were opened yesterday. Count Bernstorff, the Prussian ambassador at the Court of St. James, has been detained through the illness of a member of his family.

PARTICULARS have reached us by the Panam mail of some tidal phenomena and shocks of earthquake, by which the central districts of New Zealand have been visited. In the Chatham Islands the tidal waves caused great loss of life and property. The settlement of Tupunga was destroyed.

LAW AND POLICE.

ON Saturday the Court of Common Pleas commenced the hearing of appeals from the decisions of revising barristers, which both in numbers and importance are the heaviest that have been lodged for many years. The first case taken was that which bears upon the right of women to vote at parliamentary elections, and was brought from Manchester. The revising barrister had expunged the names of 5,346 female claimants from the list, and Mr. Coleridge, the leading counsel for the appellant, now contended that women had a right to the franchise, which they exercised in ancient times, and which modern legislation had not taken from them. In support of his argument the learned gentleman quoted a number of ancient statutes, commencing with one passed in the seventh year of the reign of Henry IV., maintaining that whatever, in those olden times, justified men in taking part in elections, also justified women in doing so. No doubt they had not exercised their right for centuries, but that non-exercise had not worked a disfranchisement. Mr. Coleridge likewise pointed out that in Lord Romilly's Act it was enacted that in future statutes the male gender should include the female, unless the contrary was expressly provided, and that in the new Reform Act there was no such express provision. The court, which consists of the Lord Chief Justice and the three most experienced puisne judges, delivered judgment on Monday morning.

ROBBERY OF THEATRICAL BILLS.

THE borough magistrates at Buckingham were engaged last week in investigating a charge of considerable interest to theatrical managers. The prisoner John Quick, alias Lanham, was charged on a warrant with stealing a quantity of bills and lithographs, the property of the proprietors of the "Christy Minstrels," and also with receiving the same, well knowing them to have been stolen.

Mr. Edward Lewis conducted the prosecution, which he said was of great importance to the musical and theatrical profession. He applied on behalf of the proprietors of the "Christy Minstrels," who for several years past had carried on their entertainment at the St. James's-hall, Piccadilly, and incurred great expense in announcing their entertainment to the public by means of bills and illustrated lithographs, and this expense was materially increased by a system which had been for some time in force, and to check which this prosecution was rendered imperative.

Mr. Frederick Burgess said he was manager of the Christy Minstrels. Their registered title was the "Veritable and only Legitimate Christy Minstrels." The proprietors were Messrs. Moore and Crocker. Their entertainment was given nightly, at the St. James's-hall, Piccadilly, and also every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon throughout the year. They spent several hundreds of pounds each year in advertising their performances by means of bills and illustrated lithographs, some of the blocks for which cost them £25 each. They had suffered heavy loss through their bills being abstracted. He believed they had lost within the last two or three years between £200 and £300 in that manner. They also suffered various indirect losses through the same system. He had found the walls of Buckingham and other neighbouring towns placarded with bills and lithographs belonging to the company which he represented. He identified a large number which were produced as his property. They had been, in some instances, very ingeniously altered. The words "The Veritable and only Legitimate" had been erased, and "O. I. C." substituted, which, he inferred, meant Original Illustrated Christy's. His own name had been erased, and the prisoner's substituted. The cards had been varnished over so as to render the alteration less conspicuous.

Further evidence was called to show that the bills produced had been posted by the prisoner's orders, and that a quantity of bills, identified by Mr. Burgess as the property of the Christy Minstrels, was found at the prisoner's lodgings.

Mr. Lewis said that as the bills had been stolen from London, he should ask the magistrates to transmit the depositions, and commit the prisoner to the Middlesex Sessions, under Jarvis's Act, to take his trial upon a charge of stealing, and also of receiving certain property well knowing it to have been stolen.

The magistrates having deliberated, the mayor said there was no evidence to connect the prisoner with stealing the bills, but a strong *prima facie* case had been made out that the prisoner had received the bills with a guilty knowledge, and they should commit him accordingly.

GUILDHALL.

Henry Quarry, 17, and James Wilton, 18, were charge before Alderman Causton with assaulting several gentlemen in St. Paul's-churchyard.

Frederick Downs, 102, said that, on Monday afternoon, when the civic procession was returning from Westminster, he saw the two prisoners, with about 20 or 30 others, rushing along and knocking gentlemen's hats over their eyes as they went. He saw Wilton knock one gentleman's hat over his eye, and Quarry, not being able to reach the crown of another gentleman's hat, struck the brim underneath and knocked it off his head. As soon as he laid hold of Wilton he was surrounded by about 30 roughs and thrown to the ground, and but for the interposition of a gentleman he would have been much maltreated.

Mr. J. T. Murrell said that he saw a great deal of what the officer had stated, and it was perfectly true. He saw the officer thrown down, and went to his assistance. The prisoners were both very violent, and Quarry kicked his shins very savagely.

Alfred Berry, 123, corroborated the statement of Downs, and proved the resistance both the prisoners made to being taken to the station-house.

Alderman Causton said it was monstrous to think that respectable people could not stand in the streets to see the Lord Mayor's show without being assaulted by such ruffians. He sentenced Quarry to two months' imprisonment with hard labour and Wilton to 21 days' hard labour.

EXTENSIVE CIRCULATION OF FORGED BILLS OF EXCHANGE.—At the Mansion-house on Saturday, Seigmund Streiner, 45, described as a translator of languages, Gustave Steven, 29, also described as translator of languages, and George Kunake, 35, described as an accountant, were charged before the Lord Mayor with forging and uttering a bill of exchange for £180 10s., purporting to be signed by Henry Reeves, a director of the Mauritius Commercial Bank, and payable at Messrs. Williams, Deacon, and Co.'s, Lombard-street; also a bill of exchange for £120 7s., purporting to be signed by Abraham Wheeler, secretary of the Australian and European Bank (Limited), and payable at the Union Bank of London; and eighteen other bills of exchange for various amounts, with intent to defraud. The prisoners were further charged with being in the unlawful possession of fifty-four dies for stamping the names of divers banks and firms. Remanded.

IN consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]

WISDOM, WIT, & HUMOUR.

"JUDY" thinks that the elections are very funny, but exemplifies the truth that they may laugh who do not win. The following is *Judy's* election intelligence:—

LANCASHIRE, SOUTH-WEST.—Mr. Gladstone has addressed a meeting at Wigan, Mr. Lancaster being the very appropriate chairman. As the right hon. gentleman has recently been "going the round," the meeting was most properly held in "Hogler's Circus." The orator of course rode his usual "hobbies," and reasoned, in two senses, "within a circle." The principal performer met with no accident; but, doubtless, when the real tilt takes place this month, he will get awfully "grased," and will certainly not find himself "in clover!"

GALWAY.—Sir Rowland Blennerhassett and Mr. Nicholas Stubbs are the Radical candidates. The name of the latter who dates from "Dundrum," which ought to be "Hum-drum," is quite enough for him; at any rate, it's a great deal too much for us, and, doubtless, will likewise prove so for the electors. With regard to the former we trust that the returning officer, after casting up the numbers, will not have to say, "Sir Rowland Blenner has it!"

BIRMINGHAM.—At length the Right Hon.—no, we are anticipating—at length Mr. Bright has broken the mysterious silence which he has observed for so long a time and has addressed a meeting here. Of course, his speech was the good old story, over and over again—the political "cold mutton," so to speak, hashed up, with the addition of a little sauce and seasoning, to make it go down. The hon. gentleman in one part of his address, said, "Although I can't tell you how much £500,000,000 worth is, say more than I can tell you how far it is to the sun." Now, the latter portion of this greatly surprises us; for we should have thought that the man who "rules the Stars"—two of them, at any rate, the *Morning* and *Evening* ones—and who is, unquestionably, so often "in the clouds," would have been better posted up with regard to the grand luminary of the universe. Towards the end of his speech, Mr. Bright made use of some few words with the spirit of which we entirely agree and which we fancy he could not accurately have weighed before uttering them. They are these:—"We must have done with everything that is intended solely to please and elevate one class as against another class." Quite so, Mr. Bright. Then how can you reconcile it to common sense and common justice that the influence exerted at our polling-booths by the intellect and wealth of the land should be neutralised by that of the "Great Unwashed," whose only notion of "Reform" is something for their sole and exclusive benefit?

LIVERPOOL.—As Lord Sandon, one of the Conservative candidates, was walking in St. John's Market a few days ago, a female vendor of soles and shrimps rushed from behind her stall and kissed him. His lordship may look upon this as a "fishing smack!" We trust that he and Mr. Graves may succeed in making as great an impression on the minds of the electors as they appear to have done on the hearts of these honest fishwives! We omitted to mention that Mr. Graves was treated "similarly the same."

LAMBETH.—A Mr. Littler has just come into the field, but we should say that no one has a little chance than he!

STAFFORD.—Mr. Richard Chawner, of the Abnalls, Lichfield, has issued an address, seeking election on Liberal and thoroughly Gladstonian principles.

Electors of Stafford, just list to this scunner. Have nothing to do with euphonious Chawner.

CITY OF LONDON.—It's absurd to suppose that the four Radical candidates are the "right men." There is at least one *Gauche* un amongst them!

DROITWICH.—"A somewhat warm and personal correspondence has taken place between Mr. Corbett, the Liberal candidate, and Mr. Samuel Tombs, the town clerk of the borough, and a member of Sir John Pakington's committee." Mr. Corbett will shortly, in a political sense, have something to do with *Tombs* of another description—"The Tombs of all the Capulets!"

CUMBERLAND WEST.—An address has been issued, signed, "Percy Wyndham," asking for the honour of re-election. We can only say to the hon. gentleman—we fancy we ought also to add "and gallant"—"Perever!" And if you should have any opponents in the race, we sincerely trust you'll "wind 'em," and "land your colours first," by no end of "lengths!"

SOMERSET MID.—"A third Liberal candidate for this district has come forward, namely, Mr. Francis Taggart, of Old Sneed Park, a Stoke Bishop. The address of this gentleman, *Stoke Bishop* is so awfully ominous, that, with a shudder, we most strongly advise the electors to keep out of his way!

VERY BITTER BUT TOO TRUE.

When a Whig is out at elbows,
And th' official cow is dry,
Deperate, he herds with fellows
Who'd garotte or gouge an eye.
Office, somehow must be got—
Whence it comes it matters not!

When a Whig is back in office,
And th' official cow gives milk,
He makes wondrous haste to doff his
Ruffian threats for tones of silk;
In his cheek he puts his tongue,
Bidding rowdy friends "be hung!"

FOX'S CONTEST FOR WESTMINSTER.

The canvassing on both sides was conducted with extraordinary vigour. The Prince of Wales rode through the streets wearing Fox's colours, and a sprig of laurel in his hat; the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire made a house-to-house canvass, and bought a butcher with a kiss. Some excellent stories are still told of this election. "Sir," said a voter to Charles Fox, who was

pressing for his support, "I admire your abilities, but hang your principles." "Sir," replied the wit, "I admire your sincerity, but hang your manners." A saddler in the Haymarket, when solicited by the same candidate, produced a baler with which he should be happy to oblige him. Fox said "I return you my best thanks, but I should be sorry to deprive you of it, as I presume it must be a family piece." Other lady canvassers for Fox on this occasion were the Countesses of Carlisle and Derby, and Ladies Beauchamp and Duncannon, who all wore the fox's brush in their hats, and begged, with all their charms, from door to door. We do not hear that Sir Cecil Wray had much of this kind of zeal exerted in his favour. But most of the eminent men of the day voted for him; and Lord Kenyon, then Mr. Kenyon, whose house was just outside the liberties of Westminster, slept in his stable a sufficient number of nights to qualify himself to vote.—"Election Papers," in "Cassell's Magazine" for November.

FLOATING FOR DEER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Some time after nightfall we lit the two candles in the jack and left the shanty, taking the trail for the lake a few rods distant. Finding the light skiff we quickly blow out the candles, and set the jack-staff in its position in the bow. Max took his usual place in the stern. Shoving off I located in the forward seat with face towards the bow. Now all was quiet. Presently a slight rustle against the side of the boat, as she was urged with noiseless paddle among and through the broad lily leaves that girdle the shore. Some moments elapsed, during which time I had made some astronomical observations, and Max had made considerable distance with our little craft; now we were only floating for the paddle, though still in the water, was motionless. It is almost indescribable; the stillness only broken by the occasional splash of a trout jumping for a miller, or the hoot of an owl far up on the mountain-side. Splash! splash; far down by the marsh at the lower end of the lake. I stop my musing. Max's paddle is moving silently as ever, but each push is stronger. Splash! splash! again. The paddle stroke is stronger, but no noise. I feel for my matches and the rough pebble that is to be used for lighting them. The paddle-stroke now is longer and slower. The boat is being headed directly towards the spot from which the occasional sound of the splashes seems to come. Again the paddle is still; match and pebble are ready. I am only awaiting Max's signal—a light jerk of the boat. Then the match is lit, and hidden in the hand until it burns freely; now up to the candles, which are lit in an instant, and the jack is turned fair to the front. The paddle is already sending the boat forward. Max is no longer guided by the splash; two bright sparks of light glow through the darkness in front of us; these are the eyes of the deer. In a moment more there is a light spot discernible. Gradually this takes shape. The boat is just moving; my rifle is slung forward and cocked; now we are within twenty yards of a handsome buck. The motion of the boats had ceased. The slight jerk that comes from Max is answered by a stream of fire which flames from the long black rifle-barrel; this for a single instant lights up the scene. The crack of the rifle echoes and re-echoes across the lake and among the forest-clad hills. "Only jump twice," quoth Max. "Bustin' about over the Plains after buffalo an' the like all took none of the shoot off you, that's sure. The deer that wants venison that be, will now take a ride on the lake," remarked Max, as we proceeded to haul the dead deer into the boat, and shoved off for the shanty, on the way to which we laughed over the scenes that we had both witnessed while paddling green ones up to deer. "Many's the buck-shot-gun I've seen emptied by fellers close up to the wild cattle that climb over these mountains without doing worse than getting up a scare for them," said Max, as his now noisy paddle splashed and splashed again.

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